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DIARY OF
AN OLD
BOHEMIAN

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San Jose, Calif

DIARY OF AN OLD BOHEMIAN

WITH INTRODUCTION AND EXPOSITORY TEXT

BY

THOMAS NUNAN

*Being the private record of a rich bachelor's amatory
adventures in San Francisco's classic Bohemia
during the twenty-one years that ended with
the destruction of the city by earth-
quake and fire in 1906.*



HARR WAGNER PUBLISHING COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

SAN FRANCISCO, in the days before the earthquake and fire of 1906, was a city of peculiarly colorful Bohemian aspect. The easy-going night life belonged to a period that is past. It has no historian, but in the volume here presented will be found some impressionistic sketches by a writer whose journalistic observations enable him to picture the conditions as they were. That he has chosen to paint with whimsical humor is characteristic of him; there is only truth associated with his quiet smiles.

Mr. Nunan has had wide experience in writing, and as a kindly critic in the dramatic and musical fields he is known throughout the United States. Many poems by him have been published, the one rated as of chief importance being the optimistic "Out of Nature's Creed," which appeared in book form several years ago.

HARR WAGNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, 1927

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Diary of an Old Bohemian

With Illustrations

and a Preface, C. H. W.

DIARY OF
AN OLD BOHEMIAN

DISCOVERY OF THE DIARY

SHORTLY AFTER the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906, and directly as a result of that memorable double catastrophe which in a way, and a rather forcible way at that, pruned down the picturesque old city and gave it life and vigor for a new and greater development, even as in horticulture, an industrial art widely practiced and highly esteemed throughout California, the vigorous pruning brings richer and more productive growth—at that time, as I set out to say, that never-to-be-lamented April of 1906, there came into my possession a sort of diary, or perhaps it should be called journal, dealing, as it does, with a series of strange accounts to be settled with the women; not with particular individuals of the fair and ever unaccountable sex (which is the strangest feature of the journal, or diary), but with any and whomsoever might chance to come by way of the ordinary, everyday affairs of the old city's social life into the grim diarist's unrelenting clutches.

Grim diarist, I denominate him, though "grim" seems a mild word in its application to

a wealthy and unprincipled old bachelor who devoted more than twenty years of his life to the persecution, and we might almost say the destruction, morally and socially, of the unsuspecting ladies, these being invariably beautiful and usually young, or comparatively so, who chanced to arrive, in one way or another, within the scope of his acquaintance. When I say that the fair objects of his heartless persecution were women of beauty, it is with entire and enthusiastic appreciation of the truth that San Francisco, before the earthquake and fire, the same as in this later time, was renowned as the home of beautiful women; and my allusion to the youthfulness, comparative or absolute, of the chosen victims carries with it the knowledge that this pleasant feminine virtue of being young, one of the most approved and sought-after virtues among the ladies, is no longer a matter of years, but of appearance—in elucidation of which statement I need merely to mention that numerous lovely women whom I frequently saw and always admired in the years before the already-mentioned earthquake and fire are quite as young now as they were then, while greatly improved in regard to naturalness of soft complexion, arrangement of the

hair, dress that among other things shows the soul of wit in its brevity, juvenile daring of style and manner, and an easy, graceful adaptation to the gentle vices, such as addiction to the smoking habit, a habit that would hardly be adopted by any woman who had passed so far beyond the age of indiscretion as to consider herself old.

I might properly have gone so far as to call the bachelor diarist diabolical, instead of applying the gentle and even respectable adjective "grim" to so soulless a creature. This, however, I have refrained from doing, realizing that although the man was inspired by atrociously satanic designs during the twenty years of his entries in the journal, my employment of the word in relation to him might be misconstrued by thoughtless readers, should I be so unfortunate as to have any, into a subtle attempt at punstering (a form of mental aberration justly abhorred), for the reason that it will become evident, during the reading of the diary, or journal, that while the author thereof must for his maliciousness of spirit be accounted an incarnation of the traditional author of all evil, he also possessed the attribute, which worked to his advantage in all his campaigns

of persecution, and which only the masculine moralists ever regard as fiendish, of being a devil among the ladies.

The full particulars regarding this man, and I use the honest term merely in its biological sense, being unwilling to credit the devilish diarist with even the slightest trace of the nobility of character which it ordinarily implies, I am, I frankly confess, unable to give. In the first place, the particulars at hand remain incomplete. In the second place, the publication of such definite data as have come into my possession would bring extreme unhappiness to not a few rather distant relatives, worthy men and women who will remain happily unaware, so far as it lies within my power to insure this happiness, that any member of their family so lived that the mention of his name as the author of the diary here to be presented would drag down upon them a disgrace as lasting as unmerited. Besides, the identity of the individual cannot be regarded as of direct importance. Not with any thought of promoting idle gossip do I give the diary to the public, my sole motive being to protect susceptible and unsuspecting womanhood by unfolding a strange account of dangers such as may

at any time confront even the most protected representatives of the sex. The name, as the reader will admit upon due reflection, would merely set tongues to wagging in a way that would add nothing to the lesson held out to women, but would detract, rather—the fair sex being so fond of detraction, as a general rule, that discussion of the man and his relatives could only be expected to occupy them to the exclusion of the benefits that the warning would otherwise bring.

Therefore, and the reasons stated will certainly impress themselves upon all readers as valid and sufficient, excepting such a reader as would delight in seeing innocent persons suffer on account of unfortunate kinship for which they are in no degree responsible, the name of the author of the diary will be kept secret. And lest the name might be discovered at a later time, to be revealed by some cruel-minded or unthinking possessor of it, even after the relatives whom I wish to protect have passed away, I have taken the precaution to obliterate it from the diary, or journal, so that no written or printed record will be preserved. Furthermore, I have not at any time mentioned the name and I hereby pledge myself never to do so.

Posterity may thus be assured that any name offered as that of the author of the journal, or diary, is to be thrown aside as simply apocryphal.

In my allusions to the old Bohemian during the course of the explanatory text, it would have been more or less awkward to proceed without naming him in some way, any sort of a definite appellation being better than none at all; and so in this work I have called him Francis Kaller, which only ingenious and cleverly studious persons will recognize as derived from the names of the pleasant city and glorious state in which this so-called Kaller lived and carried on his nefarious enterprises while persistently seeking revenge for the supposed wrong done him by a youthful and presumably light-hearted fiancée who for reasons of her own thought it proper and expedient to desert him in suitably picturesque manner a few minutes before the hour appointed for their wedding.

Some explanation seems due the public as to the manner in which I obtained the diary, or journal, and this will be given in the briefest manner possible. To make the matter entirely clear, there must be at least a sketchy reference

to the earthquake and fire which laid the city low in order that it might be builded higher; for there are many whom fate deprived of the privilege of being present at that stirring time and to whom the tremendous events may seem nothing more than mere historic incidents, like the Boston Tea Party, the Battle of Waterloo, and the Conquest of Granada.

It was in the morning of April 18, 1906, a little after 5 o'clock, that the earthquake sharply shook the old Bohemian city, disturbing the slumbers of all who had gone to bed at that hour. Considerable damage was done, as at this later date we are all willing to admit, and I recall that while strolling about the city inspecting the variety of injury to buildings I noted that a front wall of the Poodle Dog, a well-known French restaurant, had fallen out, leaving two tiers of the hotel rooms exposed. This I mention for the reason that the author of the diary which came to me as a result of the subsequent fire had on the preceding night chosen this particular restaurant, though this restaurant might not have been regarded as particular in all respects, for a meeting-place with one of his victims. Presumably he kept the assignation, being habitually punctilious

in such matters, and he may have been there at the time of the earthquake; possibly in one of the rooms from which the front wall fell away, though of that I am not certain. Reference to the rendezvous will be found in the last of the diary sections to follow. That he survived is not to be doubted, as nobody in the restaurant suffered injury. And, indeed, the manner in which the diary came to me proved conclusively enough that his mundane activities did not cease at that time, though the final record was inscribed the evening before the earthquake.

Having no wish to be a mere historian, I will not further pursue my observations of that historic morning to which allusion has been made. The fire, starting in several places, soon began to menace the city, which had not been seriously damaged by the earthquake itself. There was no way to check it, the water-mains leading from the remote reservoirs having been destroyed some distance out of town, and night brought a conflagration that was one of the most spectacular sights ever witnessed by man. The second evening the fire was still more magnificent — a wall of sky-climbing flame along a frontage of four miles, the picturesque glory of which I at the time regarded as far

more than adequate compensation for such little property losses as I sustained.

My home at that time was in a hotel whose stately appearance above spacious lawns on the slope of Nob Hill told of an old-time mansion that had been converted into a pleasant though suitably unostentatious hostelry. During the progress of the fire, whose rapid sweep early foredoomed my abiding place, I thought it desirable to gather together a trunkful of personal treasures, objects of no value to anybody else, nor even of great actual importance to me, they being more of an encumbrance than anything else, as personal effects usually are, and bury them in the hotel lawn—a scheme of fire protection to which many persons at the time resorted. All that part of the city was included in the vast area devastated by the roaring flames. Some days later, after conflict with a militiaman stationed to prevent vandal search of the ruins in that district, a conflict which drove me to the artifice of obtaining appointment as a deputy sheriff in order that I might combat the guard with authority to proceed, I went to unearth my buried treasure and discovered that a small package had been concealed in the very same spot and directly above

my trunk—so that it must have been placed there sometime after my previous use of the shovel. Supposing this package to be the property of some fellow guest in my recent hotel, and after due conference with the soldier on guard, who insisted that I as deputy sheriff should take charge of it, he having enough troubles and responsibilities of his own, I put it in my trunk with the motley assortment of keepsakes and removed it to my new lodgings just outside of the burned district. The militiaman, if he can be found, will recall the circumstances as here stated.

Upon examination of the package after the lapse of several weeks, during which time I had almost forgotten about it, so tumultuous were the affairs of that time, I was greatly surprised to find the diary which is the subject of this rambling yet necessary explanation. Diligent but discreet efforts to locate the owner proved unavailing, though kept up for a period of several months, and the document remained in my unwilling hands. Some of the references in the strange manuscript caused me to believe that the man who wrote it was well along toward middle age, if not beyond it, at the time of the first entry; and as that was made some-

thing like forty years ago there can be little doubt, and in my mind there is no doubt whatever, that he has gone to meet whatever reward awaits such as he in the abode regarding which we have no other knowledge than that it is permanent.

So I am giving the diary to the public, mainly in the hope that it may be instructively helpful to the gentle sex which is preyed upon by so many of this unscrupulous type, but also in the belief that it will serve in some little way to picture certain phases of the so-called Bohemian life of San Francisco as it was before the fire. Incidentally, it may throw light on the ways of the women.

A WEDDING-HOUR DESERTION

THE DIARY of the old Bohemian opens, without preface or proemial remarks such as would naturally have been written had this record of events been in any way intended for perusal by others, under date of June 27, 1885. Important particulars are neglected, another feature which makes it clear that the diarist wrote only for the purpose of retaining material with which to refresh his own memory, morbid and even vicious as it was, in regard to the adventures which began with the flight of his chosen bride a few moments before the time appointed for her marriage to him. The handwriting is small, with many words crowded upon each page; the language employed indicates some education, of the sort that a man of inherited wealth would in those days have been expected to possess. The materials of which the diary was made show taste and judgment—though, of course, any stationer, serving a wealthy customer, might have supplied these evidences of refinement; and the dates are written, not printed, the one volume being made to cover a period of many years.

As the earlier entries in the diary, containing the account of disappointment at the altar, carry the importance of explaining the old Bohemian's subsequent attitude toward women and his many and persistent schemes of vengeance, I have thought best to present them in full. No one can doubt that they were written during a period of great mental despondency, which, instead of being cured by the soothing and philosophic influences of time, as all sorrows, and especially those resulting from love disappointments of this character, usually are, gradually became stronger and developed into intense hatred of everything feminine, leaving the old roué with the one absorbing passion that inspired his efforts to wreck and ruin the lives of all women who came into his power. Nothing but approach of decrepitude slowed him down in the pursuit of revenge. Several of the diary entries are published only in part. Whole sections have been omitted. Some editing has been done and the dates have been made complete for the sake of uniformity of appearance.

Desertion at the altar may be set down as reasonable occasion for bitterness, if bitterness is ever justifiable—though the latter proposition

I am by no means inclined to defend. A main reason is that it subjects the victim to ridicule. After-marriage desertion, something vastly more common and according to all logic something more greatly to be deplored, causes comparatively little surprise, comment and ill-will—illustrating that our rules of thought and conduct are always less logical than sociological and that we are governed not by what we ought to be and do but by what is expected of us by those whose concern in our affairs is voluntary and gratuitous. Had Francis Kaller's intolerant hatred subsided in normal manner after the time of the first record in the diary, or had he directed his vengeance campaign solely against the first fair but perfidious object of his wrath, we might charitably assume that he had some justification for feeling as he did in the days that immediately followed his desertion. But for his action in setting out to revenge himself upon the gentle sex in general there can be no possibility of excuse.

The motives that inspired the chosen bride to desert the man upon whom she was about to bestow her promise of love, honor and obedience in exchange for his name and the generous accumulation of worldly goods with which he

stood ready to endow her—these I make no attempt to analyze, preferring to let the records stand as their own explanation in so far as they are capable of being explained. That she had come to intuitively understand the man's unusual and in all probability dangerous nature is something which will suggest itself to the intelligent reader without being pointed out by me. No woman should be censured for thus avoiding marriage with a man whom she has reason to suspect of being inherently brutal—general practice to the contrary notwithstanding. Undesirable qualities are likely to be transmitted from one generation to another; and it must be remembered that this was more than forty years ago, when the desirability of a succeeding generation was not so generally overlooked in higher society circles as it is nowadays. Then, too, there is mention in the diary of another man—a younger and I imagine more romantic and better-looking fellow. He seems to have joined the wedding party with the true soul of a Lochinvar; and elopement with a Lochinvar is something for which we are prone to forgive any young woman. That the bride-to-have-been took with her the money that had been apportioned as her marriage-dowry will

arouse some criticism, perhaps, from caviling adherents to the letter of the social etiquette that supposedly guides in such cases. It is necessary to be generous in this instance, however. The money could not have been in reality a marriage-dowry unless there were a marriage, and we grant every girl the right to say whom she shall wed. Besides, in all probability this Lochinvar was poor. And, furthermore, the subsequent actions of the old roué were such that they deprive him of all possible benefits of sympathy.

Without further remarks, I present the first part of the diary, assuring my readers that every word of it is exactly as written in the original, excepting that the date-lines, as already mentioned, have been made uniform in style and some improvements in punctuation have been attempted.

JUNE 27, 1885.—Damn the women. Amen.* I have just cause for feeling this way. One of them has ruined my life. Yes, ruined it. And they are

* This use of the word "amen" makes it appear that the old Bohemian was a man who had been given the advantage of early religious training, although he failed to profit by it, finding none of the comfort that should have been his when sorrow came upon him. Other proofs of the childhood advantage that was his are to be found in the manuscript, but most of them have been deleted here as not in good taste, with some of them nothing short of profanity.

all alike. All, all women are alike. I despise them, I detest them. All of them.

Kathryn has deserted me. She has run away. Whither, I know not. I will find her. I'll have revenge. She has gone, but I'll follow. I will tell her I hate her, I loathe her. I will make her cringe. I will call her Kate. She cannot bear to be called Kate. I will have no mercy. I will show rich jewels to her and tell her they are for another. She will die of jealousy. I will let her know that the money I gave her was only a little of what is mine. I own rich mining properties. She did not know. I was too shrewd to tell her. No woman can make a fool of me. I never told her how rich I was. But I will tell her now. My money might have all been hers. I will tell her that. She will suffer. She likes money. She thought she took everything. I will show her. She will want to return. But it is too late now. She will beg. She will plead. She will weep. But I will not accept her. "No, Kate," I will say. I will be hard. I will be cruel. I will torture her with the knowledge of what she has lost.

She left me for another. She ran away with a man. I will find him. I will call him a coward. I will call him a cur. I will call him a cad. She shall be present and hear me. They will both suffer. I will torture them together. They shall suffer as I suffered when they ran away.

We were to have been married at noon. In my apartment at the hotel. The rooms were filled with flowers, the flowers of June-time. It was to have been a radiant June wedding. As requested by

Kathryn, or Kate, rather, none of my friends were to be present. Only a select few of hers. She seemed to be shy, and I thought it charming. I told her that her modesty would prove its own reward. She was afraid the news of our wedding would get out and be published. She dreaded society attention. I was to let my friends know only after we were married. This I promised. She had her lawyer get the license. I never saw him. Nor the license. She, herself, engaged the preacher. He was to come from old Calvary Church promptly at noon.* I never saw him, either.

Kathryn had a trousseau that was the best my money could buy. It cost me \$10,000, in addition to the diamonds, the pearl necklace, and the rings. Something else I never saw. She was to show me the trousseau only after our marriage. Again she was so modest! We were to have been married in traveling costume. Planned to go to Europe for a year's travel. She bought the tickets. That is, I gave her the money for them. But even these were not for me to look upon. She surely is using them. She and the other man. The police think not. They only laugh. They laugh that I was deserted in my wedding hour. The police are heartless toward me.

* This is evidently a reference to Calvary Presbyterian Church, which stood at Powell and Geary streets, where the Hotel St. Francis now rises in its majesty of modern architecture. Our efforts to locate the clergyman or even to learn his identity have been unavailing, tasks of that sort being difficult on account of the fact that most of the city's records were destroyed in the great fire. Nor can the name of the young woman's attorney be ascertained.

So would all men be. Single men do not dream of the perfidy of women. Married men know the reality, but their agonies are not akin to mine. I'm in a class all my own.

I was generous to her. She wanted a marriage settlement. I granted it, accepting the terms which her lawyer advised her to ask. I could deny her nothing. And what was \$200,000 to me? The package of two hundred \$1000 bills seemed merely a neat little wedding gift. I planned to present her with a bank account of twice that amount after our marriage. But she did not know. I wished to surprise her. She thought my gift was everything I had. She might have stayed if she had known. But now it is too late. I shall not take her back. Let her suffer. I will have revenge. I will stop at nothing.

My lawyer has instructed me to keep record of everything, for use in legal proceedings. I have paid him a \$5000 retainer. He will consult with me again tomorrow here in my hotel.* The first step will be to employ a private detective to trace the runaways by means of the tickets that Kathryn bought for herself and me. He will follow them to

* The name of the diarist's place of residence is not stated. He presumably had an apartment at the Palace, however, as that hotel is mentioned in a later note, and it was there that a San Francisco man of his wealth would have been most likely to reside at that time. Inquiry would undoubtedly prove futile. The old Palace is gone; and it is a newer and finer edifice that stands in its place. In a later entry the old roué's attorney is mentioned by his surname, but for obvious reasons it is kept out of print.

Europe. When he has discovered them, I will join him.

I will have revenge.

JUNE 28, 1885.—Day of impatience waiting for my attorney. Sent messenger over to Montgomery Street twice, but couldn't reach him. He came at evening. Said he had been in church. No opportunity to work on my case except that he hired a private detective for me. Detective will visit ticket offices tomorrow. Paid \$500 to lawyer for detective. Vengeance is costly, but I will have it. Lawyer thinks Kathryn never had intention to marry me. But I know better than that. She was the soul of devotion until our wedding-day. When last I saw her she said she loved me. At 10 o'clock she came to me in my apartments. We were to have been married at noon, only two hours later, but she told me she was impatient and that it seemed to her our marriage was a whole eternity away. How happy I was! She had on her traveling costume. "I am ready to fly with the man I love," she declared in rapture as she fondly kissed me. She said I was the most generous man she had ever met. This filled me with joy and I would have doubled her dowry had she mentioned it. She has got her last dollar from me, though.

When she left me she asked that I remain in the apartments and keep perfectly quiet until her return. She said that at my age rest was necessary in keeping up my appearance of youthfulness. She wanted me to look my best when we started on our

astonishing how detectives can identify women by means of photographs. I hardly can remember their faces.

I am displeased with my lawyer for suggesting that Kathryn was guided by mercenary motives from the very beginning. It was I who contrived to bring about our acquaintanceship. Chancing to meet her in the lobby, I made bold to accost her. I was the first to speak. She had only smiled. She did not know that I was a man of wealth. That very night she told me it would have been just the same with her if I had been the poorest man in the world, for she was attracted to me at first sight. When I told her I was still unmarried, she wept for joy. Then she wondered how I had been overlooked so long. Her flattery was irresistible. We were constantly together after that. I was glad she wasn't rich, it was so glorious to be of assistance to her. She needed many things, and all her wants I supplied. Those were the happiest days of my life, and she said they were the happiest days of hers. She had never even dared hope she would meet a man like me. My gifts moved her to tears.

The lawyer's idea that Kathryn will return seems to be based on the idea that she will soon learn she didn't get all my money and will come back to sue me for breach of promise. He says a young woman with her gift of weeping would get big damages from any jury. That's all ridiculous. It was she who broke the promise and ran away, but the lawyer insists I cannot prove it and he says the letters I wrote to her would in all probability

establish a case for her. The little letters that she wrote to me he wants for use in any litigation that may come up, so I will make copies of them and keep the originals in this diary. He wants the detective to gather evidence that she is an adventuress. That is impossible, as I have told him, for Kathryn was a good woman until she met me.

JUNE 30, 1885.—My detective has shown unexpected stupidity. When he came to see me this evening he said he had spent all day in searching the disreputable resorts of the city. I asked him rather sharply why he had not been looking for Kathryn, and then he bluntly told me that she had been the object of his search. This provoked me to an intolerable degree. I instructed him that I didn't want a detective who would waste his time and my money in such a foolish way, adding in emphatic manner that any woman whom I had chosen for a wife was not to be found in places such as he had mentioned. He made no reply and I was about to summarily discharge him, regardless of the fact that I had paid him a large fee in advance, when my attorney hastened to explain the situation. He stated that it was the detective's theory that Kathryn had been kidnapped on her wedding-day and sold into white slavery, now being held incarcerated, an unwilling and weeping prisoner, in one of the houses of evil reputation. That gave a new aspect to the tragedy of my wedding-day and instantly, as becoming a man of my sensibilities, I felt a complete revulsion of feeling in regard to

astonishing how detectives can identify women by means of photographs. I hardly can remember their faces.

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the poor, unfortunate girl. The detective plainly showed his annoyance at being thus misunderstood, yet he accepted my apology and consented to go on with the search.

Accordingly we have planned a new campaign for tomorrow. I have paid the detective an additional fee of \$300 to spur him on. My attorney and I will join hands with him in search. We are to begin at noon. The letters I will not give to the lawyer. Not now. If we find my dear Kathryn, she shall never know I had any suspicion that she was unfaithful to me. I shall retire now and try to sleep, though I fear no sleep will come to my eyes tonight.

My dear, beautiful Kathryn! My own, adorable Kathryn! I shall never, never

THE LOVE LETTERS OF KATHRYN

THE OLD Bohemian's record of the proceedings of that day in June came to an abrupt ending with repetition of the word never, so that what he was about to say must remain a matter of conjecture. It is reasonably evident, however, that his ardent love of the missing young woman had not entirely died away under the distress occasioned by the desertion and that he had the natural manhood to rouse himself in her behalf when he realized that she might be in dire need of his assistance. Certain persons to whom the opening section of the diary has been shown in strictest confidence are divided in opinion as to the sudden termination of this final June entry in the diary, some of them thinking that the diarist was so overcome by his emotions that he fell asleep, while others contend that in conformity with the spirit of the times he most likely went out to drown his sorrows or give stimulus to his resolution of speedy succor, adopting a method not unusual in the elder years. My own idea is that after lawyer and detective had taken their departure, the old roué, realizing that valuable time was

being wasted and knowing that the late hours afforded the best opportunities for night-life investigation, while his thoughts of the presumably kidnapped bride goaded him to uncontrollable frenzy, suddenly laid down his pen, put on his hat, picked up his walking-stick and sauntered forth in valiant determination that the rescue should be delayed not another instant. No light in regard to this matter is afforded in the later pages of the diary, which, as will be noted, shows an interruption of several days.

I have been content to make only a cursory inquiry into the night-life conditions that existed at the time the search for Kathryn was being made by the old roué, his counsellor, and his detective, but from municipal representatives then in immediate control and from sundry reformers of that easy-going era all the facts of direct importance have been obtained. There were in San Francisco numerous establishments of the kind they used to classify as of questionable character, although about the character of them there was no question whatever. Along Stockton Street, on Mason Street, and in other thoroughfares of the downtown district now occupied with splendid blocks of

buildings that house the legitimate business of the city, some of the specially representative establishments might have been pointed out by any resident or almost any discerning stranger. They were of a class entirely apart from the more or less segregated conglomerations of human misfortune that lined some of the streets leading into the Oriental district and branched off into various alleys and byways that have not yet recovered from the stigma. The places of lowest rank in this social disorder had the virtue, and it was their only one, of being always exposed to casual public inspection; a condition which precluded the possibility of anything worse than voluntary bondage and placed actual "slavery," whether white, yellow, black or mixed, in such disadvantage that it made no attempt at existence there.

The houses in which such victims as our old roué's Kathryn might have been sold and held captive were those regarded as of the better class. So, naturally, it was to the rich palaces of evil that the roué, his lawyer and his detective directed their search, and it is only with these that we are here concerned. The governing authorities of the time contend, and the consulted reformers reluctantly admit, that actual

slavery was not known to prevail in San Francisco; though it seems beyond reason to believe that there were no hidden instances of it, the ways of the evil-doers being so persistently alike the world over. It is to be presumed that the old roué had something of an acquaintance, if not an entirely discreditable one, with the conditions being here discussed; and the fact that he so readily accepted the shrewd lawyer's suggestion, which indeed may have been offered for the purpose of protecting his friend, the detective, from undeserved rebuke, must be accepted as important though indirect evidence that the enslaving of young women, something to be regarded as the most detestable of crimes, was not exactly unknown here. In later years, as the records will show, the diarist seems to have planned resort to it.

Whatever the conditions of the time, and happily for our own generation they have been vastly improved, the search for Kathryn was undertaken and completed, as will be related by the old roué, himself, in some of the diary sections soon to follow. There appears no entry between June 30, when the abrupt ending left unfinished a soulful rhapsody, promise, or resolution, and the following sixth of July—a

silence that gives eloquent tribute to the zeal which inspired the expedition of rescue. We now return to the diary at the July entries regarding the campaign instituted with habeas corpus determination in behalf of the missing Kathryn. These entries, which have required only slight deletion aside from the suppression of names that have no proper place in the record, being merely the names of certain respected individuals encountered during the course of the rescue-search, lead on to other events that seem well calculated to hold the interest of every reader.

JULY 6, 1885. — Our search for Kathryn has brought no success. We have been all over the district repeatedly. Started out with my lawyer. We first called on Mollie W. Spent the evening there. Acting upon my attorney's advice, I bought liberal quantities of champagne for everybody in the hope they would tell anything they knew. Wine sets tongues to wagging, he said. After we had several quarts, and when no other men were present, he made a speech in explanation of my great loss and misfortune. He became very eloquent, and I wept. His speech aroused great sympathy for me. Everybody offered consolation and insisted we have more wine. I made a speech, too. My lawyer wept, so we ordered wine again. Mollie said there was

always plenty of fish as good as Kathryn. I rebuked her. Kathryn is no fish, I retorted. She displayed anger and we had a heated discussion. My lawyer sided with her, calling for round of drinks to settle the matter.

Couldn't get any clue to Kathryn. Mollie hadn't seen her, but told us to stay around as she might show up at any time. Ordered champagne and decided to wait.

Do not remember what happened after that. Detective says he found us at 3 o'clock in the morning. Also that I discharged him, telling him I never hired detectives to find me. Then I gave him another fee and ordered wine. Have no recollection of this. Must have been drinking too freely. Detective says he called a hack and brought me home. Lawyer stayed there.

Next day I remained in bed. Detective came to see me in afternoon. Said lawyer had not arrived at office. Was ill. No trace of Kathryn. Sent detective to continue search.

Night before the Fourth I visited a couple of places on Stockton Street. Thought I would get along better without my lawyer. Had confidential talks and a few bottles of wine. All are watching for Kathryn and will let me know. Got home early in the morning. Able to sleep but little.

Lawyer called on evening of the Fourth and we started out together. Detective insisted he had been everywhere, but lawyer said we must make thorough search ourselves. We began on Stock-

ton Street. Met ——— of my bank, but did not say why we were there. We left him at midnight, after we had all drunk a good deal. Continued our search. Mollie W. had been watching for some news of Kathryn. Very friendly, and in appreciation I bought champagne for all present. Was too tired to further prosecute search that night. Had to be careful what we said. A lot of people there. My old broker, ———, heard we were looking for somebody and wanted to know about it. Lawyer replied he was on a search for a client. Broker told him that was nothing new. Everybody laughed. The joke was on the lawyer and I bought wine again. Played poker a while but was out of luck. Stayed until 4 o'clock. Slept until noon.

Feeling that we should comb the city, I yesterday determined to notify the police that Kathryn was being held prisoner somewhere. Lawyer and detective persuaded me this would be bad move. Might cause her to be murdered if captors saw necessary to conceal crime. My attorney is a shrewd man. Tells me I would make serious blunders if left to myself. We thought it best to let detective do the searching yesterday and today. No clue anywhere. Detective thinks Kathryn is being held captive but will not be sold into slavery until her captors think danger of apprehension all past. Or she may be spirited away to the Orient. He is watching all steamships. I suggested the possibility of imprisonment in the Chinese Quar-

ter, but he had investigated that. Says he thinks I will come to the conclusion that she eloped, as we first supposed. He's a bright man in some ways, but he can be foolish.

Lawyer and I have decided to personally resume our efforts tomorrow night. Says he knows several places that I don't know.

JULY 7, 1885.—Had a terrible shock today. Detective took Kathryn's photograph to Taber's studio again in hope of finding something new about her identity.* He has been using it constantly in the search. Now he says the picture is that of a famous actress. In response to my declaration that to the best of my knowledge Kathryn had never been on the stage, my lawyer remarked that she was an actress, all right. Then the detective stated that the actress whose picture this was had died several years before. So it seems, after all, that Kathryn, the Kathryn whom I trusted, the Kathryn who promised to be my wife, deceived me with the photograph of another. I will punish her. I have told my lawyer to go ahead, to arrest her, to prosecute her. I will show her no mercy.

* There is no earlier mention of the detective's attempt to have the photograph identified at the photographer's studio, though this record indicates that such attempt had been made. Presumably at the time of the first visit the photographer was absent or found no ready means of making the desired identification. It is possible, however, that the facts in relation to the photograph were obtained at the time of the earlier inquiry, but were temporarily withheld by the detective for purposes of his own.

JULY 8, 1885.—Still thinking that Kathryn will come back and sue me for breach of promise, my lawyer demands her letters. I must copy them and will give him the copies only. If it turns out that instead of running away from me she fell victim to some awful plot, I shall have them to peruse. These missives that I have loved I still treasure. Written on lavender paper with purple ink, how perfumed they are! My lawyer says they alone would convince a jury.*

YOU DEAR OLD DARLING:

FRISCO, June 10.

I haven't seen you for twelve whole hours. It seems a century. What a good time we had last night is more than I can describe in words. I must see you to tell you and will be over at six. It was such a lovely drive. The dinner was good, too, but I am afraid I let you drink more champagne than was good for you. I shouldn't have done it. You see, my darling, how careful of you I am.

The bracelet you bought for me is the most adorable thing in all the world. I intend to keep it and always wear it for your sake. Diamonds are my birthstone, and these are such beautiful ones. I am sure your taste in jewelry is divine. But do not spend too much money on me. It is you that is dear to me—just you. I love you so much I cannot wait until dinner time to see you. But I must. I am wondering what the surprise is you are going to have for me. Some more jewelry, I am willing to wager,

* In the diary the love-letters of Kathryn are chronologically arranged, exactly as here presented. They were trimmed down slightly to fit the pages of the book in which the record was kept. Though the purple ink has faded, every word remains distinctly legible. The handwriting may be described as bold, yet feminine.

for I know already how noble and generous you are. You just dazzle me, that is all.

Ten thousand kisses and all my love.

Your adoring

KATHRYN.

MY DARLING OLD DEAR:

S. F., June 15, '85.

It is terrible that I cannot see you tonight and I will be so impatient until tomorrow. Your love has come to mean so much to me I want to be with you every minute. I just received your wonderful little letter telling me that I am all the world to you, which is what I want you to have me be. You have been so kind and lovely and have given me so many presents and such beautiful ones. You certainly know how to be nice to a girl. I don't believe there is another man in the world like you are, so kind and thoughtful and generous at all times and in every way.

I am almost sorry I told you about my financial difficulties, for you have done enough for me already and I cannot bear to have you think I would impose on you at all, for I would not. It was noble of you to come to my rescue so promptly. I had the check cashed at your bank as you directed me to and the young man who cashed it was nice and obliging. That will be enough to pay the bills I happened to mention. Some others which I have to pay can wait until I get money of my own, which I hope will be soon, although it is hard for a girl to get along without any steady income, especially when she has to dress well, and I want to be dressed nicely when I go out with you. I don't really care for clothes, dear, except for the looks of things. It is you that I love and I want to look my best for your sake.

All my kisses and love until tomorrow.

Ever fondly,

KATHRYN.

DARLING:

FRISCO, June 18.

Your own little girl is angry at you for starting that account for her at the Lace House. She will never forgive you, but it was awfully kind of you just the same. You are so noble and generous. It will be lovely to go right into the store and get anything I want and have it charged on my account with the bill already paid in advance, like you say it is. You never seem to get tired of doing nice things for me and trying to make me happy, which is one thing I like about you, although it is you yourself that I love and would love just the same even if you were not so thoughtful and kind, if that is possible.

The first thing I get on my new account will be a necktie for you and you must always wear it as a present from me. I will select it myself and bring it to you when I come tomorrow afternoon.

I was afraid you think I am too young for you, but tomorrow is my birthday and I'll be another year older. I am glad we are going to be together.

I am so glad you like the photograph of me. People say it flatters me and so your assurance of it being a perfect likeness is consoling. I was disappointed with it at first, but at least it has my features and I think the expression is good. They make fine pictures at Taber's, but perhaps they retouched it too much. All my love goes with it and a thousand kisses.

It will be fine to drive out to the Cliff with you and we can have a nice long evening together to celebrate my birthday. Always and always your KATHRYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1885.

MY DEAREST ONLY ONE:

As you must be away tonight and I will be alone I am unhappy and am sending this little note to you to tell you

how lonesome I will be every single minute. Life seems terrible when I am alone because I have come to rely on you so much. Last night was such a delight to me to be with you and hear you tell me how much you loved me, but I am afraid you do not love me so much today. I want to be everything to my darling. And how could I refuse to be anything to you when you have been so noble and generous to me?

I cannot help thinking that we were really and truly made for each other, as you told me we were last night. I have never thought of marrying, dearest one. Never until now. When you spoke about my going with you to Shreve's some day I felt that you were thinking the same way as I was though you only mentioned seeing a necklace there and I was so confused I would never have known how to answer. I would have had to let my poor heart dictate, I love you so much beyond the power of words to express it. All I know is how terribly hard it would be to live without you now, you have become so much to me. I can only give myself in return, but I am yours for always and always.

Your own loving

KATHRYN.

P. S.—My birthday account at the bank is just darling, as I told you last night. It was just a lovely present. I drew my second check today. I will never be able to thank you enough for being so generous and noble.

K.

MY OWN BELOVED:

S. F., June 22, 1885.

I cannot come until about 8 or half-past, as I have had so much shopping to do today and the gentleman friend I told you about is here, but we can have a late dinner and stay as late as we like. Marchand's will be all right. I have never been there, but am willing to go anywhere

with the noble and generous man I am to marry. We can talk over our wedding plans and will be married just as soon as you wish, though of course I will need time to get things ready and there are a lot of things to buy. This may take a week or two. But we can attend to the business arrangements tonight.

All today I have been the happiest girl in the world, although I am still bewildered, for it was all so sudden and unexpected when you proposed to me. All I remember is that I burst into tears and said yes, but you know they were tears of joy and happiness for I love you so much they could not be otherwise than that. I selected the ring and had it fitted this afternoon. It is just the most precious thing you ever saw and I know you will be proud of it—such a large and perfect solitaire. I would not have dreamed of getting one so expensive, but you insisted I should have the finest money could buy.

I'll hurry and at 8 o'clock I'll show it to you. Until then, au revoir. Adoringly, your

KATHRYN.

DARLING HUBBY-TO-BE:

S. F., June 24.

Please be ready to go to the bank with me at 2 o'clock. I will call for you on the way and we can go together. My lawyer says we must have the dowry settled in legal and business style, and as you are eager to have me fully protected that seems to be the best way. I would rather leave it all in your hands, you have always proved yourself so noble and generous, but the lawyer says we must arrange things the right way if he is to take charge of my interests.

The wedding arrangements are nearly all made. I know you will like them.

Your own

KATHRYN.

STILL SEARCHING THE HALF-WORLD

NO COMMENT upon these letters appears in the records that follow, though the extreme neatness with which they were preserved in the diary gives mute testimony to the fond interest in which they were lingeringly held, a sentiment excusable enough in view of the romance they represented and all they had cost in the way of heart suffering and other loss. It is one of the fine traits in man's nature to still cling to trivial evidences that have become merely things of the past, tangible adjuncts of the memory—especially when memory seems allied to hope, as it may have been in this instance.

The old Bohemian roué continues his records through most of the year 1885, skipping days here and there, and sometimes going as much as a couple of weeks without making an entry. Publication of the document in full would prove prosaic as well as voluminous, for which reason it becomes necessary to merely summarize much of it, pointing out the main features in the further history of the search for Kathryn and what came of it and proceeding in as expeditious a manner as possible to later adven-

tures, which will be found to carry more definitely the lessons that have been promised for the protection of unsuspecting young womanhood as it comes in contact with the dangers of night-life in the cities.

Up to the present period of the diary, the old roué's actions can hardly be regarded as seriously harmful, nor even menacing, although some of the declarations of intended revenge indicate the beginning of a morbid sort of hatred that, when harbored by a man of wealth and power, must eventually bear results in action. The type of man such as was our author of the diary at the beginning of his unfortunate romance with Kathryn cannot be considered rare, although, as plenty of experienced members of the fair sex will affirm, the old roué's generosity in the bestowal of gifts was an unusual characteristic. Had the roué of these chronicles thus early met the right sort of woman, or more particularly had the undoubtedly beautiful Kathryn proved dutiful and womanly in her relations to him, he would in all probability have continued his placid and good-humored way in such kindly and honorable routine that the only mention now to be made of him would be that he lived a good life

and bequeathed to his weeping widow a large and unencumbered estate. A serious and detrimental change came over his nature, however, as records in the later years of his diary will abundantly reveal.

We find in the July and August entries that as the search for Kathryn continued, again being carried along for the original purpose of obtaining revenge, the old roué's hatred and wrath developed to an almost unbelievable degree of intensity. Money was literally showered on the attorney and the detective in order to inspire them to still greater activity, both of these agents of the diarist's ill-will devoting their entire time to the case and displaying not a little ingenuity, one way or another, along with their ardor in the cause of this vindictive employer. Every suggestion made by the latter, however fantastic and unpromising, was followed to the fullest possible length and with the most prodigal disregard of expense.

About the middle of July, on the fifteenth day, to be exact, the detective set out for New York, having by that time looked into every possible hiding-place in San Francisco and its environs. He took with him funds sufficient to meet all emergencies on this continent and to

make an extended sleuthing tour of Europe if his discoveries in the East might seem to invite activities abroad.

This did not mean any abandonment of the campaign of watchfulness at home, however, for the old roué and his legal adviser, now constant companions by day and by night, maintained a search that, although somewhat intermittent, there being occasional days of mere passiveness, was characterized by a spirit of assiduity which must have brought results had results been locally obtainable. As before, the watch was directed almost exclusively upon the district called restricted, a term used only in its geographical sense; but at this time the theory of kidnapping and slavery sale had been in the main abandoned, chiefly on account of the attorney's skill at reasoning and the convincing power of the eloquence with which he pictured Kathryn as an adventuress whose regular habits of occupation and natural proclivities would naturally bring her, sooner or later, into one of the places under observation. It is with regret that this unkind theory in regard to Kathryn's character is permitted to creep into the narrative of the old roué's strange doings, though here the lawyer's criti-

cism is skimmed over as lightly as possible and with none of the scurrilous verbiage and detail presented in the diary itself. The missing young woman can have no opportunity to defend her good name, and the fact that only her Christian name has been used, with the lawyer regarding even that as fictitious, does not rob her of the right to charitable and even friendly consideration in the minds of an impartial public which, in this instance, must place itself in the position of a jury and give her the benefit of every doubt, remembering that the defamatory allegation has in no manner been proven and that the only charges really established are that the missing defendant exercised her inalienable right of changing her mind as to the man she should marry and that she took with her the gifts and the substantial dowry which the bridegroom-expectant had seen fit to settle upon her in legal and sufficient manner. We may also assume that she eloped with another man, doubtlessly one much younger in years and more to her liking; yet this, in itself, can by no means be regarded as unlawful nor as a procedure unhallowed by custom or lacking the sanction of public approval. Custom and public opinion are the laws of our guidance,

the statutes made and provided to specially direct us being irrelevant and immaterial when conflicting too openly with what we, as a people, think and do.

While it would be manifestly unfair to charge the attorney with self-seeking in this search for the girl, he, too, being unable here to defend himself, there seems some reason to suspect that, for the advancement of his own interests and perhaps through personal enthusiasm in the campaign itself, he sought to encourage his client in the long-continued and costly course of action by asserting belief that the missing Kathryn was a woman of unworthy life and conduct and that in due time she would be discovered as such in the manner and by the means aforesaid. The diary contains ample evidence that the lawyer received large and frequent fees and that his employer paid all the costs of the night-life investigation.

Some of the letters from the detective in New York receive diary mention as reports of only prospective results, though the extensive scope of the inquiry in the Eastern metropolis is shown by the numerous demands for additional money allowances.

Early September brought the news, however,

that a woman answering Kathryn's description and bearing a close resemblance to the Taber photograph had been observed in a Paris resort by returning friends of the detective, the information thus obtained in regard to her bearing out the cherished theory that she was a woman of careless life and ignoble occupation. The lawyer, as the diary tells us, placed great importance on this report. Accordingly a sort of punitory expedition to the demimondaine capital was immediately planned, this to be a transfer of activities from San Francisco to Paris without change of theory or method. Acting on the advice of his counsellor, and doubtlessly inspired by his own unreasoning wish to punish Kathryn, the old roué telegraphed the detective to proceed at once to Paris, locate the missing woman, and keep her under surveillance until the arrival of his principal. Then he and the attorney got ready as expeditiously as possible, boarded an overland train, and left California behind them.

The incidents of the foreign tour, with investigations in New York, Chicago, and other American cities, as well as in several of the European capitals aside from Paris, may be given future publication as they are of much

curious interest, but they cannot properly become a part of this work, which is intended solely to safeguard our young women at home by setting forth the nature of the perils that constantly attend them.

Our old roué devoted practically two years to his search in Europe and the American East, returning without having found any trace whatever of Kathryn. His lawyer did not come back with him, a personal dispute that separated them forever having occurred in New York on the way home, a dispute that evidently grew out of the attorney's demand for more money than the client thought was justly due, although the claim was paid to avoid publicity and further trouble. Whether the legal adviser later returned does not appear, but that, anyhow, must be set down as a matter of little importance. The detective remained in New York, where, it seems, he made successful investments in real estate during the time he was employed by Mr. Kaller.

The failure to discover the whereabouts of Kathryn must not be ascribed to any lack of diligence in the search, large sums of money having been expended in the pursuit of her; nor should the reader assume that the young

woman was in any respect like the *ignis fatuus* of the classics. Calm reflection would have told the searchers that Kathryn, in all probability the happy and contented bride of a handsome young Lochinvar, and unquestionably the possessor of a \$200,000 dowry, was not to be found in the weird resorts they haunted. The old roué seems to have been blinded by hate, though his two agents may have been merely dazzled by the fees he paid.

After his return to San Francisco, our author of the diary made few references to the original source of his troubles. He seems to have given up all hope of obtaining direct revenge, his mind turning more to hatred of women in general and filling itself with a strange morbidity that incited hostility toward all representatives of the preyed-upon sex.

"I will wreck every female that comes in my way," he says under date of October 14, 1887, some weeks after his return from Paris, and this determination he reiterates not infrequently. How he proceeded to carry out his threat and with what success, using crafty, unprincipled methods and utilizing the undeniable power of his wealth, the diary vividly reveals, commencing with the November entries.

FAIR AGATHA HAD A HUSBAND

DIARY-WRITING, commenced in 1885 for the evident purpose of keeping a record of the affairs relating to Kathryn, was not given up when the latter ceased to be the object of the old roué's daily thoughts. On the contrary, it seems to have become an obsession. The psychology of it is not difficult to understand, for clearly the diarist reposed no confidences in anyone after he had removed his attorney and the detective from his payroll. Apparently, while hating all women and seeking their society only to injure them, he avoided men as much as possible, there being few references even to those with whom business matters must have brought him into occasional contact. This will be recognized as indicating the morbid mental condition which sought expression in the effort to make various women vicariously atone for the supposed delinquencies of one, even as we of this latest generation are supposed to share on the debit side in the account of moral responsibility opened up through the inquisitiveness of our first parents, or of one of them, an account that in merely human codes of justice would have been

outlawed long ago. The particular morbidity in this case must be diagnosed as due to chronic derangement of the ego, a malady by no means uncommon although usually of comparatively mild form and symptomatically observable only as a condition of inflated mentality, which may be set down as characteristic. Invariably the afflicted individual feels great distress when deprived of opportunity to communicate his woes, sorrows or triumphs to other persons, instant relief of at least temporary kind being afforded by the mental deflation. This seems in a measure to explain the pleasantly feminine gossiping tendency and also the extensive present-day vogue of the telephone and the constantly growing demand for greater expeditiousness in the mail service. Our old roué, having no friends in whom to repose his confidences, and probably being altogether too shrewd to entrust others with damaging information about himself, especially after the two years of association with a lawyer from whom he must have imbibed some of the main lessons of legal responsibility along with other things, found his only satisfaction in unburdening to the diary the secrets of his soul. It may reasonably be assumed that he gloated as he wrote,

repicturing the events of his relentless campaign for vengeance, and that as he read and reread the entries he reconstructed each case and lived anew the details with all the original intensity of his ire.

Having given due information as to the peculiar complex which inspired the old roué to make a record of his doings, we will proceed to the entries dealing with the second adventure, which from the beginning, as will be noted, was a carefully planned scheme to injure a young woman who certainly had committed no wrong against the man from whom the romantic Kathryn had fled.

NOVEMBER 4, 1887.—Met a charming girl today. Yes, she is charming and I hate her. She seemed impressed. Must know I am rich. Kathryn made a dupe of me and got away. This one will not escape. She said her name was Agatha. Maybe it is. And she is married. She told me so. All the better. She will suffer more for that. We met in the theater, where Margaret Mather was playing *Juliet*. Between acts she dropped her program, but I paid no attention. So she asked me to pick it up. She could not reach it. I did so and as I gave it to her she touched my hand. That was a trick. She wanted to get acquainted with me. She will be sorry. She smiled and asked if I liked the play. I

told her I did not. She liked it. She would. When the play was over she said I had been so kind she hoped we would meet again. She gave me her address. She lives on Ellis Street, near Taylor. I know the house from her description. I promised I would call. And I will. I have not forgotten the woman who ruined my life. Agatha will help pay.

NOVEMBER 5, 1887.—Have received a note from Agatha this evening. She writes she has been thinking about me and is lonesome, I was so kind to her. All sirens are like that. They are always lonesome when they want something. I will not be as kind as she thinks. She says she will be alone soon and will let me know when. Then I can come. I am leading her on by sending a carriage to take her out for a drive in the park. In the carriage she will find flowers and this letter:

BEAUTIFUL AGATHA: Surely your little heart will tell you how eager I am to see you once more. If you had not dropped your program at the theater we might have never met. It was an accident prompted by kindly fate. This will inform you of my deep and unfailing interest in my young and altogether lovely companion of the play. Do not forget me. Let me know as you promised when *he* is gone away and I will go to see you at once.

YOUR ADMIRER.

NOVEMBER 6, 1887.—Agatha has replied to my note. She does not suspect me. Women lack the intellect to cope with a man. She says she will never forget me. I am sure she won't. She will

regret that meeting in the theater. "I brought the flowers home," she writes, "and said they were given me by a wealthy woman who invited me to tea. I think I can understand their language and if they mean what I think they mean I want you to be sure I feel the same way. It all seems to be a kindly fate, as you said in your darling letter, which I prize even more than the flowers, which are so perfect. I did truly enjoy the drive, you may be sure of that, but I wished every minute you could have been with me to enjoy it also and keep me company. Next time you must come if you think it is safe. I am lonesome and thinking of you at all times. If you would like a photograph of me, I am going to have some taken pretty soon. I would like one of you."

She signs herself "Your Program Girl."

Not a word about when she will be alone. She wants presents, but I will give her none. I have had my lesson. Now I will teach her one. She would like to deceive me just as she is planning to deceive her husband. That is the way with women. I will never trust one of them again. All they have cost me will be repaid. I never knew revenge could be so sweet. I have waited two years and my opportunity is now at hand.

NOVEMBER 8, 1887.—Two days and no message from Agatha. The clerk says a young lady called and asked if I was still here, but she did not wish to see me. Had no message to leave. "The Program Girl," from his description. She must be

madly infatuated. I will let her wait. That is the way to treat her. She will like me better and my plans will be the easier to carry out. I understand women now.

NOVEMBER 9, 1887.—Agatha met me by accident as I was going out of the hotel. Said she was just passing. Was afraid I had been sick. Wants me to go and see her tomorrow evening at 9 o'clock. She will be alone. I am going. At last!

NOVEMBER 10, 1887.—I am to call on Agatha tonight. Will be prompt. Have obtained a string of pearls to show her. I will make her think she is to have them, but I will not give them to her. The price is \$4500. That will tempt her. Women love pearls. Tomorrow I will return the necklace to the jeweler. Then I will laugh at her. I will laugh at her and taunt her. I will make her suffer as Kathryn made me suffer. If I had treated Kathryn thus, she would not have run away with some penniless scoundrel. She would not have spurned the hand that gave her a fortune. My revenge is coming.

NOVEMBER 11, 1887.—Strange experience I had last night. Somehow my plans went wrong. But it was no fault of mine. Nor of Agatha's. I called upon her at the appointed hour. She was alone. Her husband had told her he was going to Monterey and would not be back until morning. We felt safe, as there was no train returning. Agatha

was all affection. I simulated the same feeling. She was dressed in pink negligee and looked innocent and beautiful, but this made me only more determined to be heartless. Yet I played my part well and she believed me devoted to her. I thought of Kathryn, and the memories roused me on. I enjoyed the assurance of avenging myself. I prolonged the satisfaction this gave me. In casual way I let her know I was rich, that she might suffer all the more from the eventual realization that she had been duped. As I expected, her devotion increased. She used all the pretty ways of her sex to win me. I knew she would. She told me her husband was a man who couldn't appreciate her. He loved another and she didn't want to live with him another day. I admitted that I could make her happy. She believed I would love her always. She said I looked honest and true. It was difficult to repress my rage at times, but I succeeded. I could tell her later what I thought of her, what I thought of every woman.

As the last thing before avenging myself, I showed her the pearls. She said they were exquisite and asked if they were real. I assured her they were. She declared them the most beautiful things she had ever seen.

Just as I held them about her neck, which was in no manner concealed, she exclaimed "Oh, you darling!" That instant a door opened and Agatha's husband stepped into the room. I knew him instinctively. He had a revolver. In the confusion of the moment I left the pearls where they were and

jumped up to put on my coat, which I had removed as the room was warm. The man with the revolver stopped me and in angry voice demanded to know what I was doing there. "It is my husband!" I remember hearing Agatha exclaim. She was greatly frightened, and I felt not a little troubled, for she had told me he was a brutal and even dangerous man. I could plainly see that her description of him had not been exaggerated. There was no time to think of an excuse, so I merely stated that I had come with some pearls. He grabbed the pearls from Agatha's neck, and as he put them in his pocket he shouted that he was going to kill me. This statement he amended and said he was going to kill us both.

He was the angriest man I ever saw and he would have shot me but for Agatha's presence of mind. She threw herself in his arms and begged him to kill her if he must, but to spare me. She told him I was the kindest friend she ever had and that if he would listen to reason I would pay him well, for I was rich. He consented to listen to reason as she suggested, but said he had a good mind to shoot me first. It was his home and I had come there to wrong him, to rob him of his wife. Agatha reminded him that she had not been happy with him. He did not care as to that, though. I was a home-wrecker and he would kill me. Agatha's appeals finally prevailed and her husband said he was willing to listen to reason. I thoughtfully protested that I was not as rich a man as his wife

supposed, but would be willing to pay him \$5000. He advanced in rage and would certainly have shot me had not Agatha again jumped between us. "Twenty thousand or—this!" he yelled, pointing the weapon in my face.

I endeavored to compromise at half the figure named, but it was of no avail. He would not come down a dollar. So I wrote out a check for the twenty thousand. This seemed to pacify him, but he further insisted that I write a note to him saying the money was payment for the wrong I had done him, which supposed wrong I was required to state in explicit terms, though I was by no means guilty in the manner and degree thus confessed. Further he assured me in indignant tone that if I tried to stop payment of the check or to interfere in any way he would carry out his original intention of shooting me and then make the story public and give my written statement to the newspapers. I promised that the check would be duly honored. Agatha broke down almost completely and I could see she was greatly in fear her husband would yet resort to violence. At last the man became more calm and I requested him to return the string of pearls, as they were not mine. This aroused him anew and he became exceedingly profane, addressing me with vile epithets and insisting that I had given the pearls to his wife. It seemed futile to argue the point, so I avoided further discussion, yielding with the good grace that the circumstances required.

When taking my departure, which I did as soon as seemed polite and practicable, I was relieved to observe that the man had calmed down. He was disposed even to be friendly, yet his last words reminded me that to stop payment of his check or to attempt to take any action would mean death and publicity, which are two things I earnestly strive to avoid. Early this forenoon the bank sent a messenger to ask whether I had issued a check for \$20,000. I replied in the affirmative, saying the check must be paid at once. This I hope ends the only trouble I have ever had with a wronged husband. He will make Agatha suffer, no doubt, but that is no affair of mine. I wonder why he didn't go to Monterey. He must have been suspicious of her. I feel I am lucky to be alive.

Opinions will probably differ in regard to the fate which overtook the impressionable young Agatha as a result of the unfortunate liaison which terminated in manner so unexpected and so nearly disastrous to both of the principals. The old aphorism that the woman always pays must not be disregarded on account of the well-established truth that the man invariably meets the financial obligation. It is indeed a curious commentary on human reasoning to note, in passing, that by public sentiment, which in its relation to human conduct, or at

least to certain phases of misconduct, is almost entirely dominated by the feminine mind, the woman is held guilty but the man is held responsible, the discrimination relating mainly to the manner in which the one and the other must face the punishment.

In some future and more highly developed state of society, there will be no exaction of punishment, no responsibility and no thought of guilt where actual injury has been avoided; though in considering this proposition it must be borne in mind that wrong-doing has so many devious ramifications that its results become exceedingly difficult to trace. Application of this rule to the case of Agatha, and it affords me great pleasure to defend one so youthful, beautiful, and easily imposed upon, would make it seem that the suddenly returning husband was rather more to blame than the confiding young wife, who had in good faith accepted the declaration that he was to remain away from home that evening. Had he not returned, he would not have known of the old roué's visit, and so the mental anguish that came upon him as he stepped into the room, revolver in hand, would have been avoided. This relates only to the wife's conduct as it

affected the husband. Of course, the old roué had set out with the intention and determination of making the wife suffer. But this is guilt on his part alone. It can in no wise be charged against her. Had suffering come to the young wife in accordance with the roué's deeply laid plans, it would have been her misfortune merely, something to which she had contributed not willingly but unwittingly. Whatever blame may be regarded as existing in the case should therefore be attached to the two men—the old roué and the husband.

However, the perfect code of law and morals still remains in the future and we must face the fact that Agatha had to deal with a harsh and far from ideal husband, as so many husbands are, which makes it likely that undeserved punishment came upon her. It is even possible that her home was broken up as a result of that November night's adventure, for the diarist primarily responsible for Agatha's woes makes a brief entry to the effect that when driving rapidly past the house on Ellis Street a few days after his encounter with the enraged husband he observed a "To Let" sign that adorned the bay-window of the room in which he had been a guest.

My sympathetic fears concerning the misguided young woman may not be shared by all readers, a suspicion which is somewhat strengthened in my mind by a talk which I have had with one of the San Francisco court officials whose special duty to safeguard weak femininity and studiously observe the ways of the erring has not saved him from being cynical. This official holds to the view that Agatha may not have been actually the wife of the man who accepted substantial tribute from our old libertine, a theory which would certainly clear her of the charge of wronging her husband ; but he also suspects, even openly alleging, that she was a party to a pre-arranged scheme concocted for the purpose of obtaining money from the visitor. How she could have been implicated in such a fantastic scheme is difficult to comprehend in view of the fact that she supposed her husband, or the man who had deluded her into the belief of such relationship, to be at that time in Monterey, from which distant city there was no returning train until the following morning ; and surely the old roué, who was in the best position to judge, being the sole witness and knowing all the particulars, indicates in his diary no doubt whatever of Agatha's sincerity

and her resultant terror and grief. But even if we were to assume the official's theory to be well-founded, though that is something not here assumed for an instant, it would necessarily be recalled that the husband was a man of ferocious temper, dogged determination, and brutally selfish character, making it reasonable to believe that the young woman was held in his power through abject fear and that through no willingness of her own did she participate in the unfriendly reception to the author of the diary. Therefore, in whatever light we view the case, we must acquit Agatha of the charge that she may have been actuated by mercenary motives, and the worst that should be said of her is that she was foolish and unsophisticated enough to receive the attentions of a worldly man in a flirtation from which no good could come, although such flirtations are said to be not infrequent, often enough harmless and sometimes conducive to matrimony.

Returning to consideration of the penalty which the young woman probably paid for her indiscretion, nothing but mere conjecture can be presented. The husband may have run away and left Agatha to herself, especially as the diary refers to his interest in another woman.

This would sufficiently explain the sudden vacating of the house on Ellis Street. Had the man divided the money, giving any part of it to his wife, the latter would naturally have felt in duty bound to return it to the old roué, she so plainly felt aggrieved when he was compelled to pay it. There was no return of money, which seems proof enough that the man, if he saw fit to desert, retained it all. In this case, desertion was the penalty. If the previously mentioned court official's cynical supposition could possibly be correct and the aggrieved man and Agatha were really single, they may have got married when the man suddenly found himself the possessor of a comfortable little fortune. Beyond what has been here suggested, no reasonable penalties come to mind, and yet it can hardly be doubted that some way or other, in accordance with the rule framed out of world-old experience, the woman paid.

VANISHED KATHRYN'S COUSIN HELEN

WE MIGHT WELL pause at this place in the diary and reflect that Mr. Kaller, which name will be recalled as the fictitious one assigned to the old roué, had found revenge so expensive and elusive a thing that he should have failed to continue pursuit of it with his original enthusiasm and ardor. Indeed, the cost and the lack of success seem to have had a deterrent influence for a time, as the records between the November date last quoted and the summer of 1889 show no actual adventures and are mainly of a character altogether prosaic and commonplace, so much so that it seems advisable to omit them altogether. An only exception might be found in the formal narration that a young woman who confided that she was a cousin of the lost but unforgotten Kathryn addressed a letter to the old Bohemian, she having been informed that he was a man of generous impulses, while yet she must have been without means of knowing anything of the dangerous character developed in him. This unsuspecting correspon-

dent, whose name is recorded as Helen, stated that she bore a close family resemblance to her cousin, into whose confidence she had been taken with regard to the romance that had ended so unhappily; that she was of approximately the same age, entirely alone in the world, and eager for the acquaintance of some kind man who would prove truly a friend to her. The earnestness of this longing for friendship, a longing that may be reckoned one of the charming attributes of clinging femininity, it never failing of effect upon the hearts of men when associated with youth and beauty, was made apparent by the naïve assurance that, while the family resemblance was undeniable, she was given the credit of even surpassing her fair cousin in the matter of pulchritude. Had the writer been insincere regarding the expressed desire to arouse Mr. Kaller's kindly interest, she might hardly have taken the trouble to mention her superiority of beauty nor to go into such detailed particulars as that her long and abundant hair was of henna hue, whereas Kathryn's would be remembered by Mr. Kaller as blond, that her eyes were of a gentian blue, like her cousin's, and that as a further point of resemblance, often commented upon by her

friends, she had been blessed with form and figure nothing short of perfection.

The recipient of the letter even thought that he could detect in the handwriting of Helen a vague similarity to that of his former fiancée, a notion which may have had the effect of removing any doubt in regard to this new correspondent's assertion of relationship, though it must be said to the credit of the old roué that he always accepted any woman's word without question, having never acquired the unreasoning and peculiar sort of cynicism that somehow develops in those who have not lived so much apart from female society. His doubtlessly extravagant fancy that the pleasing chirography of one woman bore something of a family resemblance to that of the other seems sufficiently explainable on the hypothesis that the diarist's imagination was unduly excited by fond memories of Kathryn's letters; and, anyhow, handwriting is indisputably more a matter of schooling than consanguinity, so that the only value of the supposed similarity would be to make it appear that the two cousins had attended the same seminary.

Helen at that time was sojourning in the City of Mexico. She said she was living at a hotel

called the Iturbide, which odd-sounding name may, of course, have been a playful invention to keep secret her actual place of abode—as the dear girls sometimes do when experimenting in correspondence with strangers. The address, however, is not important. People reside here and there, all over this pleasant sphere of ours, in accordance with the whims or circumstances of themselves or their ancestors. Seldom do we find a man or woman able to give a good and definite reason why he or she is at one place instead of another, especially as few are really content with being where they are. Nearly everybody is either homesick or sick of home; and it is all a matter of where the individual happens to be. That Helen possessed no valid reason for being in Mexico may be assumed from the fact that she offered none, and this conjecture is certainly supported by the positive knowledge that she wished to be somewhere else. She felt an overwhelming desire to immigrate to California so that she could be near the man to whom she had written. In truth, she admittedly would have made the journey without waiting to write, but for the unfortunate condition of her finances, she being entirely out of funds. It might seem unmaidenly, she feared,

but she could not resist the impulse of her heart to suggest that Mr. Kaller might be noble and generous enough to forward a thousand dollars to her, the trip being an expensive one and she needing many things in order to make herself duly presentable. The girl's genuine eagerness to meet the man of whom she had heard so much is indicated by her touching assurance that she would do anything in her power to compensate him, and that if both were willing, as she was sure she would be, the acquaintance might lead to an early marriage.

How true it is that matrimony occupies the thought of most young women and stays constantly in the mind of all the older ones who have never experienced it! This girl in Mexico, beautiful as a Venus, confessedly young, henna-haired and with eyes of gentian blue, found herself ready to unite her life with that of a man whom she had never seen, though, to be sure, she had heard some favorable account of him. The reason is not to be found in any special interest in the man, himself, but in the feminine instinct for love and home and marriage—an instinct that is the dominant factor in holding together our civilization, and even in the perpetuation of our race.

That the old roué felt no overpowering emotional reaction we are able to surmise from the fact that he waited an entire week before answering her letter, as the diary shows. Then he stated that he would send half the sum asked for, which he thought would be sufficient. Whatever she needed could be purchased here. He requested Helen to send her photograph. This reveals an unaccustomed wariness. A diary entry made some weeks later alludes to a reply in which Helen stated that she could not think of coming unless she had at least a thousand dollars; that, besides, clothes were much cheaper in Mexico than in California; that she owed considerable money at the Hotel Iturbide and had other accounts to settle, and that she was without money enough to obtain any suitable photographs of herself.

Her plan to purchase raiment where the most could be obtained for a few hundred dollars makes it plain that she possessed a becoming spirit of thrift such as normally inspires the bargain-loving sex, while her desire to pay off all indebtedness before leaving Mexico, even on so pleasant and promising a mission as pictured in her dream, betokens a sense of honesty that deserves our commendation.

Over the declarations in the second letter Mr. Kaller evidently pondered. He surely must have felt some curiosity to learn from Helen all that she knew about the missing Kathryn and whether the latter had deserted him for the sake of another or merely as an unexplainable feminine caprice. He may, too, have been inclined to the sentiment that it would be a joy to see and know the fair young creature who so resembled the cousin that should have been his bride; yet it is far more likely, taking into consideration the dangerous trend of his nature, that he cherished most the opportunity of bringing the beautiful Helen into his power so that he could gratify a desire to work injury against her in return for what he regarded as the wrong that Kathryn had perpetrated. The diary was not entrusted with his thoughts at that particular time. Whatever the inspiring motive, he at length forwarded the thousand dollars to Helen, adding half that sum as a lure to convince her that her cousin's estimate of his generosity had not been too high.

Little more about Helen is said in the diary, and the few entries that follow, from one to three months later, make it clear that she did

not come to him. In fact, he never again heard from her. Often there is reason, as in this case, to believe that we can see the workings of a mysterious protective influence, for had Helen acted on her romantic impulse she would certainly have had abundant cause to regret it, the old roué being the sort of a man, as it is our earnest endeavor to conclusively point out, that every young woman should avoid. On the other hand, we have no proof that the money was actually received by the girl, there being so many schemes of fraudulent action against the young and inexperienced as to make it seem quite probable that the bank order went into other hands, leaving Helen to suppose that her last request had been ignored. If, indeed, she did receive it, she may have fallen victim to one of the many murderous bandits infesting the long and tedious route of travel while hopefully, trustingly journeying to meet the man in whom she had reposed her confidence. No solution of the mystery is given in the diary, so it seems reasonably certain there was none to give.

THE AFFAIR WITH MRS. J——

AUGUST of the year 1889 brings to light a stern determination on the part of Mr. Kaller to resume the course he had adopted four years previously, although fortunately that had been followed without the success counted upon. How it happened that Mrs. J——* became attracted toward him must remain a mystery, the diary carrying no information on that point. The formality of introduction is only one possibility. Knowledge that a man persists in bachelorhood never fails to attract feminine interest, this being explainable, at least in a degree, by the sympathetic feeling of women for the unhappy, lonely, and forlorn of every state and persuasion excepting their own—a feeling that is akin to pity and may find expression in helpfulness to ordinary animals as well as to

* The surname is given completely in the diary, but here, out of respect for an extraordinarily vast number of worthy families bearing the same name, people who would be brought unkindly within the scope of suspicion, only the initial is used. Should authors in general, and more especially the writers in the public press, always take similar care to protect innocent individuals against the danger of becoming involved in scandal, there would be less of gossip in this talkative world of ours.

unmarried human males. That a man possesses wealth, which generally implies a surrounding aura of protection, never seems to lessen such interest in the unfriended bachelor; rather intensifying it, for money, as we all know, begets a world of needs that are entirely foreign to simple and easily satisfied poverty, and the masculine mind, left to itself, seldom or never has the taste and judgment requisite to the proper disposition of its own affairs. Whatever disadvantage, if any, there may be in lack of property, no man is ever too poor to take unto himself a wife; and we must all agree that a contented helpmeet is better than riches. Our old roué, possessing wealth, must naturally have been regarded as in need of counsel, direction and guidance of the gentler and more discriminating sort; and, being a bachelor, it could only have been evident that he had nobody to supply these things. We cannot doubt that had he been blessed with the right sort of a life partner, or indeed with any sort, his money would have been put to normal uses and he would have escaped the strange condition of mind which led him to regard every woman as an enemy. Then, if the spirit of vindictiveness had ever entered his thoughts he would have held it

within limitation, keeping it at home, concentrating it, so to speak, instead of allowing it to dominate all his actions. Furthermore, he would have refrained from keeping a diary.

Little can be told as to the social status of Mrs. J——. Only by her family name and the prefix Mrs. is she mentioned in the old roué's journal. The society annals of the time are adorned by references to many who were designated by the far from unusual cognomen, and none of these could possibly have been the woman of the diary record, a statement confidently made after no little research and investigation. Probability that she was a temporary dweller in the old roué's hotel, or some transient visitor to the city, may therefore be assumed. In that case she must have observed the rich bachelor's condition of loneliness, intuition telling her much that he, himself, would have wished to conceal; and her desire to relieve him of whatever it was that brought about his isolated condition may have inspired her to contrive an acquaintance by any one of the thousand pretty devices handed down along the maternal side of our race from the golden days of Eden.

Despite her interest in the bachelor, Mrs.

J—— had a husband. Bachelors and husbands have always seemed to mix well in the minds of the fair guardians of all men; the interest in combinations of husbands alone being rather more rare, and the idea of safeguarding two or more bachelors at once being held somewhat in the nature of indiscretion. Mosaic laws are one thing; impulses of the feminine heart another. Had woman a plurality of husbands, the bachelor would still arouse her gentle solicitude. The husband, Mr. J——, at first made no apparent objection to his wife's concern in the affairs of the lonely roué, a fact which doubtlessly caused him to be regarded by her as belonging in the exemplary class and therefore worthy of greater personal freedom than would otherwise have been permitted him. Mr. Kaller gives no particular account of this man, owing, of course, to the fact that our old roué was a diarist and not a biographer. The August entries in the diary must be carefully studied by all who wish to arrive at a full and just conclusion regarding the perils that even an experienced married woman, such as Mrs. J——, may encounter as a result of her efforts to bring new happiness into the life of a lone stranger of whom she knows nothing ex-

cept that he is suffering from over-abundance of wealth.

AUGUST 19, 1889.—Found out this afternoon something about Mrs. J——, whom I met last night. She is married. And she is unhappy. This she told me, herself. Her husband does not understand her. I will cultivate her acquaintance. She wants me to meet her husband. I will invite them here to play poker. Then I will make my plans.

AUGUST 21, 1889.—Played poker with Mr. and Mrs. J—— last night after returning from Santa Rosa races. They came at 9 o'clock and stayed until 11, when they had to go home. Not used to being out nights, he said. I won \$32. J—— doesn't know much poker. His wife has played but little. Yet she has good card sense. They are coming again tonight. Mrs. J—— is a handsome woman. About thirty-five, I judge. She doesn't know what is in my mind. I have an old account to settle with women. First she knows she will be in my grasp. Will have to manage it so that he won't suspect.

AUGUST 22, 1889.—They came as agreed. An easy pair, but they can learn if they want to keep on paying. Mrs. J—— insisted on stopping when I had won \$57. Women are always poor losers. She doesn't know the real game I am playing, though.

AUGUST 23, 1889.—Mrs. J—— came to see me alone this afternoon. Asked me not to let her husband play poker any more. Said he couldn't afford it. I will let him do as he pleases. It is no concern of mine. But I did not tell her that. She said I was a man who had power over other people, especially women. I have more power than she suspects. I will break him if I can, just on her account. And I know how to take care of her, too. I will take her to Stockton Street and leave her there. They know what to do with her. She'll never dare let her husband find her. She thinks I admire her. Does not know how a man can hate. She will pay, as she is paying at poker. It is amusing to see how easy women are.

AUGUST 24, 1889.—Poker again last night. I lost. Mr. J—— had been drinking, so I ordered more wine. We played until after midnight. I was ahead and Mrs. J—— entreated me to stop the game. She was in agony, I could see. But we all kept on drinking and playing. I held three kings and drew another. He called for one card. She threw down her hand. With my four kings I raised him every time, and when he said he had reached his limit I put up cash against his I. O. U. He didn't seem to know what he was about. His wife almost fainted. I felt no mercy. When I had put up \$2500 I showed him my four kings. He had four aces. I thought I had discarded an ace, and I counted on that. But it was my mistake. This doesn't end it,

though. Mrs. J—— said she didn't think they ought to take so much money, but supposed it was the way folks did. She will find it is the way. They are coming again tonight.

AUGUST 25, 1889.—Played again. I lost \$1400. Mrs. J—— held all the cards. She had one royal flush and didn't know what it was. She bid high, though, because the cards looked so nice, all in that order. Got a lot of money that time. Beginner's luck, as usual.

AUGUST 27, 1889.—Made arrangements for Mrs. J—— to meet me here alone last night, but she couldn't get rid of her husband, so she brought him along and we played a few hands of poker. I lost again, J—— taking \$840. At the last hand I threw down my cards. Mrs. J—— showed me a full house. She was about out of money, so I staked her to \$500, just to lead them along. Her damned husband had a straight flush. Then she cried and wouldn't play any more. Had a few words with her alone. Told her to come this afternoon and not bring him. Said she would. She kept her promise and I told her I was tired of playing poker with amateurs. Explained that I didn't like her husband, anyhow. Suggested that she go out with me tomorrow night and she consented. Told her I would take her to see some Stockton Street friends of mine.

AUGUST 29, 1889.—Mrs. J—— came and I felt I would get satisfaction on my old scores with women. Called a cab and told him where to go, ordering him to drive by circuitous route. Arrived there and got her in the house without being seen, though a hack had followed us part of the way. Madam ——,* with whom I had made arrangements, received us with fine pretense of hospitality and I ordered a couple bottles of Extra Dry. Hardly had I opened another one, after the three of us had finished the second bottle, when the door of our room was abruptly opened and in walked Mrs. J——'s husband and another man. Both kept their hats on. I had never seen J—— in a rage before, he always having displayed a kindly interest in his wife's regard for me. He talked so loudly that Madam —— expostulated, calling him by his first name in her effort to quiet him. The other man said he had better take me along. He was in citizen's clothes, but I saw at once that he must be an officer of some kind. Mrs. J—— drank her champagne and looked terrified. Seeing that we had been trapped, I made no attempt to resist the intrusion. The husband threatened violence, but Madam —— interposed, explain—

*The name written in the diary is here omitted through unwillingness to give mention in this volume to a woman who, in her own way, must have been as inhuman and unprincipled as the old roué, himself. This woman, as the intelligent reader must already be aware, was of the class previously consulted in the fruitless search for Kathryn, and we may feel sure that in her house Kaller and his attorney spent many hours of their protracted night vigil.

ing that hers was a respectable house and quarrelling on the part of guests was against the rules. Besides, I was a gentleman and a man of means and if there was any question about my conduct or intentions I would undoubtedly settle it in manner becoming a gentleman. This she said in such pacifying and assuring way that we soon came to an understanding. Both men took off their hats and we sat down to discuss the matter, several bottles of champagne and a few rounds of other beverages helping to promote a more friendly feeling.

I now recall that when Mr. J—— was invited to name what he thought a suitable figure in the way of damages, he made a brief but rather formal speech. This he repeated three times before he sat down. When I reminded him that he had forgotten to specify the sum, he said he would leave that to his wife, as she was smarter than he was. We all laughed at this little sally, with the exception of Mrs. J——, who immediately grew indignant and told him not to be a fool, using the first profanity I had heard from her. At last Mr. J—— named an entirely reasonable sum, saying that I was a good fellow and he didn't want to impose on me. His wife began to bitterly reproach him, saying he had no judgment whatever. I quieted her with my assurance that the figure was perfectly satisfactory to me and that I would pay him double what he asked. Making out the check, I also liberally rewarded Madam —— for

her kind offices in my behalf. Nor did I forget Mr. J——'s companion, thinking it best to keep his good will. We had something more to drink and spent the rest of the time together in friendly manner, Mr. J—— insisting on accompanying me to my hotel.

AUGUST 30, 1889. — Mr. J—— called and wanted to play poker, but I refused. Do not want to see either of them again.

A rather sordid account these August records may seem to show; yet they illustrate to what extremes the diarist was willing to go in his unholy and utterly reckless war against defenseless womanhood. That his scheme in this instance failed can be attributed only to the commendable watchfulness of a husband who seems to have viewed the old roué with instinctive mistrust. Yet, after her fortunate escape, the wife may have been confronted with much resultant sorrow and misery for it is well known that episodes of this character are not likely to be dropped from the home life of those most concerned, but rather have a way of cropping up in continual reminder and rebuke. While the lessons of the diary are mainly for women, there may be hope that married men,

too, will here learn something about the ways of old bachelors and thereby become better equipped to guard and protect those legally and naturally entrusted to their care.

Unsophisticated readers, and it is mainly for them that this publication of the diary is undertaken, as those who know the ins and outs of the ways and particularly the byways of the world stand in no need of protective instruction, might easily be led to believe that when the roué next recorded in his diary a seemingly fervent vow that thenceforth he would have nothing whatever to do with married women, and would permit only the unmarried to enter the circle of his acquaintance, he was inspired by a sentiment of manly desire to improve his methods of life, amend his conduct, and lessen in degree and quality the harmfulness of his actions. Such was not the case. As demonstrated by later events, nothing was farther from his thoughts than reform, despite the solemnity of the entry to which allusion is here made. The date rather more than hints that the vow, pledge, or asservation was made directly as a result of the castigatory discipline to which Mr. J—— had so promptly and effectively resorted in dealing with him. This is the vow:

AUGUST 31, 1889.—I hereby declare I will shun married women. All they want is my money. And I don't like their interfering husbands. There are plenty of others. They are easier to manage. I am going to be pitiless from now on.

That he was serious about this policy of selecting his victims from the ranks of unguarded womanhood is indicated by several subsequent statements that he rejected all appeals made by Mr. and Mrs. J——— for resumption of the poker games, and also by entries inscribed during September, October, and December of that same year. Four attempts at renewal of his acquaintance seem to have been made from the middle of December until well along toward Christmas time, and it becomes obvious that these former friends, who may have known him before the affair with Kathryn so changed his disposition, were of the matron class, for each met with unconcealed rebuff.

While there can be no valid occasion to applaud anything whatever in the conduct of Mr. Kaller, it must be admitted that his determination to bestow his destructive attentions only upon the women free to receive them, without too directly endangering masculine happiness,

proved of good effect to society, at least in some small degree. It meant less likelihood of homes being broken up, for one thing. Experience teaches that when a single woman suffers serious wrong she has the helpful influence of public sympathy. The law, too, is on her side, and with the liberal damages always obtainable when the man is as rich as our old roué, she can readily marry and begin life all over again. A married victim, on the other hand, has little prospect of sympathetic appreciation. She can hardly hope for vindication and redress in the courts. These she has always found difficult to obtain, though the difficulty has become greater than ever since the broader and more enlightened spirit of equal rights for both sexes first brought women into the jury-box. Again, the duty of the unmarried woman is mainly to herself alone; whereas her sister of the wedded state must consider not only herself, but also her husband, and her children, if she have any. A wife's error, it logically follows, becomes double, if not complex, from the wider scope of the injury inflicted; and in the same way and according to the same measure any wrong suffered by a wife is shared by all the others in her immediate home circle. Therefore, in the very

nature of things, the old roué's changed attitude in regard to his desire to punish and torment actually operated for the benefit of the sex in general, although there was no intention whatever of leniency and the motive seems to have been the absolutely selfish one of avoiding embarrassing contact with such men as the husbands of Mrs. J——— and Agatha, the Program Girl.

Were there any need of moralizing, it might be pointed out that the safest state or condition of life for our young women is matrimony—a truth which they seem to naturally perceive without knowing exactly why. The strong arm of masculinity was surely intended as something to rely upon.

Unless a man is placed under due matrimonial restraint he becomes a bachelor detriment to society and is altogether too prone to develop a dangerous character like that of our old roué, especially if he can afford to. Every large city is infested with old roués; some of the smaller communities, too; and the only cure for them is marriage. Usually bachelors are potential husbands and, if not taken in hand too late, most of them will be found capable of domestication. When, after marriage, they

prove entirely intractable, they may be held amenable to the laws of divorce and alimony, so that the resolute and venturesome wife seldom fails to make the union profitable in one way or another. Were there nothing to be gained by it, marriage would, of course, be an utterly idle and useless proceeding.

The foregoing statements may seem to carry at least an implied defense of divorce, so that perhaps a few incidental remarks on that interesting subject may not be out of place. Divorce, in the minds of many experienced individuals, and experienced people are always best qualified to pass judgment, needs no other defense than the reminder that without it there could be no alimony; provisions of mere separate maintenance entailing certain marital responsibilities that act as a limitation of personal freedom for the reason that the woman thus being separately maintained is still married and therefore at a disadvantage in her constitutional right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness with another husband. Furthermore, the awards made for the support of a wife who requires separate maintenance, yet legally remains in the established relationship which has been found irksome, are never of the generous

proportions that divorce alimony invariably assumes when the culprit husband possesses the ability to pay. If further argument be necessary or desirable, divorce has always been found a powerful stimulus to marriage, statistics showing that a great majority of our fair divorcees rewed as soon as the law allows; and no one will attempt to gainsay society's advantage in this, for as home life is everywhere proclaimed the protection of the race it becomes expedient that when one man has failed in conjugal duty and appreciation the forfeited rights and opportunities be presented to some other.

Laws compelling husbands to be docile, happy and contented might provide a proper substitute for divorce, but owing to the contrary and stubborn natures of those in whose interest and behalf they might be established, especially roués who have married late in life, they would be found so difficult of enforcement as to render them virtually impractical.

INNOCENT IMOGENE FROM SHASTA

ADHERING to his new course, Kaller in the early part of 1890 directed aggression against a mere girl whose companion and guardian, a middle-aged woman, one might instantly place in the thoughtful match-making class to be met with in all refined circles of society. It was only natural that this woman should regard the old roué as a good catch for her ward, nothing of his habits and inclination being known to her, while the world at large knew little about him excepting that he was rich and single—a combination of virtue and misfortune calculated, as before shown, to add not a little to feminine regard and sympathy for any man. The method adopted by the machinating guardian in bringing her ward conspicuously to Kaller's attention, the risks she knowingly ran, and her confident reliance upon her own clever skill at chaperonage as an offset to these risks, together with the girl's unsuspecting innocence and the unscrupulous devices adopted by the old roué, cannot fail to merit heedful interest while the diary details the story.

MARCH 22, 1890.—Received today a letter from a woman who says she knows me. No signature given. Cannot recall her. She says she has a girl I want to meet. I don't want to meet any girl, but if this one comes my way it will be the worse for her. Sixteen years old, just out of school, brought up in the country. Large brown eyes, long chestnut hair, entrancing beauty. Descriptions mean little to me. Will see her for myself. Woman is coming to renew old acquaintance.

MARCH 24. 1890.—Woman came this afternoon. I talked with her in lobby. Says she knew me ten years ago, but I would not have recognized her. My memory must be getting bad. She is guardian of girl; also distant relative. Girl's name is Imogene. Have arranged to see her. Imogene needs city outfit. I am advancing money to get it, as otherwise she couldn't come.

MARCH 26, 1890.—Imogene and guardian called today. Saw them in my apartment. Girl is certainly a beauty. Large for her age, which makes her look more than sixteen. Innocent as a child, though. I am glad of that. Experienced women have caused me trouble enough. Will make Imogene compensate for everything. She is to have lunch with me tomorrow.

MARCH 27, 1890.—Lunch was very satisfactory. Imogene brought her guardian with her, as she did not think we ought to be alone. She was think-

ing of going back to Shasta County, not being able to pay hotel bills here. I forestalled that by supplying her with money to get furnished flat. She didn't like to take it, but I insisted. Do not intend to let her get away. Cannot quite make out her guardian, but think she is mercenary. Just like them all. That will help me, though. Could get along better alone with Imogene, but no opportunity yet. I can wait.

MARCH 30, 1890.—Imogene came for advice this morning. Was alone, and greatly in fear. Her guardian was angry because she had lost money I advanced for flat. She accused Imogene of stealing it. Threatened to turn her over to police. I soothed her and made up the loss. This had good effect, for she was pleasanter to me than she had been before.

APRIL 1, 1890.—Note from Imogene says they are located in flat on McAllister Street. Five rooms and two bay-windows. Cheap, too. Invites me to call.

APRIL 3, 1890.—Went out to McAllister Street last night. Very nice, modest flat. Imogene's guardian says will cost only about \$400 a month to keep it. When alone in room she told me Imogene thought I was too old and didn't seem to take to me. Suggested that I be sort of liberal with the girl. Thinks everything will be satisfactory while she is there as chaperon. Is compelled to give up

all her time to Imogene, though, and cannot afford that. I assured her I would do the right thing toward her and look out for Imogene. Her idea that I ought to begin by making a few presents is good one. Must look in at jeweler's.

APRIL 6, 1890.—Received today this letter and it shows girl is beginning to appreciate me.*

DEAR SIR,

I cannot begin to tell you how gratefull i am so will not try to rite it. The dimon ring is too big for any of my fingers so Bertha** is going to ware it and you can get me smaler one. She thinks it is a nice cluster of dimons and not too expensov for her to ware and a solitare would be more suitble for me she thinks. I aught to have my finger fited and she thinks the engaigment finger would be best for it. I love solitare dimons.

Bertha says to tell you i appreshate the gift and i do but dont know how to spell it so excuse bad spelling as it is best i can do. I just ask Bertha and she said i spelld it rite so i am glad any way. In our school we had good teacher but i had to stay home winters it was to far in the snow and school was out in hot wether.

I almost forgot to tell you my coat has came from Curtin's and is nice for i never had any thing like it. Bertha says if you take us driveing in golden gait Park

* The letter, which the recipient carefully preserved in his diary, is published without correction or change, the indicated lack of education serving as proof that the girl could not have been over sixteen years old, the age stated by her guardian. There was no date on it.

** This and other diary references lead to the conclusion that Bertha was the name of the guardian.

some sunday soon i will have to need a new hat wich will go with it better then the one i have got and she says i must be nice to you becaus you are so nice to me wich is rite and i surely will try the best i can but am only a mountain girl and not use to city life as yet.

You must come and see me again as usule and wen you come you can take the mesure of my finger for the solitaire dimon. Your loving little frend IMOGENE.

P. s. Bertha says to tell you we will come down to see you in your hotell and we can go some where and have dinner with you and i think that will be nice. IMMY.

Imogene is the only kind of a girl I will bother with. Do not like the sophisticated ones. They are too smart, too much trouble, and cost too much. I will make this one care for me. Let her repent afterward. I am going to lead her on with more presents. That will dazzle. And her guardian. She is easy to handle. A little money will fix her.

APRIL 7, 1890.—They came to dinner, which I had served up here. Bertha likes champagne, but Imogene would not drink. Said her Sunday School teacher made her promise she never would. I will be her next teacher. The guardian is a regular soak. That will help. She went to sleep after dinner and I had a talk with Imogene. Asked her how she liked me and she said she liked me very much because I was so kind to her and gave her nice things and was going to get a solitaire diamond ring for her. She wouldn't come near me, though. Thought girls ought to be careful until

they were engaged. When I told her I was too old to marry, she quoted Bertha as saying a man was never too old for that. They may have been talking it over. I must be careful. The old girl knows too much about life. Will fool her, though. Bertha woke up and became troublesome, so I had to call a cab and send them home.

APRIL 10, 1890.—Have not seen Imogene since I got the new ring for her. Think her guardian must be suspicious of me, as she never lets the girl come alone.

APRIL 12, 1890.—Bertha called today. Said Imogene had been ill, under a doctor's care. They needed money to take proper care of her, so I supplied it. She thought I had better stay away to avoid danger of excitement.

APRIL 13, 1890.—No news from Bertha or Imogene today. Hope girl not dangerously sick.

APRIL 14, 1890.—Met Imogene on Powell Street today. She looked entirely well. Said she felt weak, though. Am glad she is getting along all right. I would hate to lose her now, when she is in my power.

APRIL 16, 1890—Bertha came to see me, greatly troubled. She told me Imogene is being courted by a worthless young fellow who wants her to run away with him. Imogene likes him, but he is penni-

less, and Bertha is afraid they will elope. Bertha thinks him a scheming scoundrel, though, and that she can buy him off, but it may take a good deal of money. I told her to see him and learn his price. I don't mind paying a thousand dollars or so to save Imogene.*

APRIL 17, 1890.—Have disposed of the young fellow that wanted Imogene. It took two thousand. Bertha said he wouldn't take a dollar less. He has gone to Denver, so that ends him.

APRIL 18, 1890.—Took Bertha and Imogene to theater. Nat Goodwin in "A Gold Mine." I must give Nat some pointers. Supper at Goby's. Bertha drank too much. She went to sleep and Imogene held my hand. Seems to be growing more tractable. Says Bertha thinks she needs spring clothing, and both of them should have new outfits.

APRIL 19, 1890.—Sent check for Imogene, but made it out in Bertha's name. Do not intend to have bank people know of my interest in girl. It might be awkward later.

APRIL 20, 1890.—Had talk with Bertha, who came to hotel alone. She thinks the only way I can

* This entry in the diary reveals a bit of characteristic masculine nature. Even the scheming old roué, incorrigible though he was, responded to the universal instinct which inspires any man with the impulse to protect a prepossessing individual of the weaker sex, against all rivals.

win girl is to marry her. Told her flatly I would not do so, but suggested that if she would be reasonable with me I would make it worth her while. She said I ought not tempt her that way, but it was hard to get along without money. Still she felt like a mother to Imogene, a pretty and innocent girl who had no men relatives to defend her. This made me still more determined and I asked how much she would feel was proper compensation for a little coöperation with me. She almost broke down, but I got some wine for her and then we got along very well. As there was a big risk, she said, and Imogene was so young and innocent and beautiful, I ought to be liberal, she thought. I asked her to name her figure. After a good deal of hesitation, while we talked the matter over, she said I ought to be willing to pay twenty thousand. I protested and we finally settled on ten thousand, half of which I paid in advance, she agreeing to make the plans. We drank to the bargain and she went away seemingly satisfied.

APRIL 21, 1890.—Bertha came again today. She said that if I gave Imogene a present of about two thousand it would help get her in the right frame of mind toward me. I insisted on making out the check in Bertha's name, she to get the cash and present it to Imogene as a gift from me. Women are hard to deal with.

APRIL 24, 1890.—Am informed by Bertha that plans are nearly ready. Imogene thinks I am going

to propose to her, but she doesn't want to marry me. That suits me, of course. Bertha is clever woman. First-rate guardian for pretty girl. Earthquake shock woke me about 4 a.m. Thought at first it was Bertha at the door.

APRIL 25, 1890.—Another hitch in the plans. Imogene thinks she should be dressed better before giving me chance to propose, but doesn't like to break into my gift of \$2000. Have told Bertha to go ahead regardless of expense. Arranged credit at Curtin's and told her to bring the other bills to me.

APRIL 27, 1890.—Bertha brought statement of moneys expended and I reimbursed her. Told her I would not tolerate longer delay, but she insisted that Imogene was so young and innocent she could hardly persuade her to be alone with me. I can wait.

APRIL 28, 1890.—This is Bertha's plan. She is to bring Imogene to me in my hotel or some restaurant, and leave us together. She will provide a harmless drug, which I can give to the girl in whatever she drinks, and there will be no difficulty. I am to pay her the second five thousand when she brings Imogene to me. We are to decide on place tomorrow. This hotel will not do on account of risk. Crowd of my New England Pioneer friends here, anyway.

APRIL 29, 1890.—It is all arranged. We go to the Pup, day after tomorrow, for dinner. Bertha has told Imogene it will be a Mayday celebration.

APRIL 30, 1890.—Bertha called to assure me that everything was all right. Imogene has new clothes ready and is elated. Told Bertha she will feel sorry for me when I propose, but that she will not marry anybody she does not love. She will be sorry for herself when consciousness returns.

MAY 1, 1890.—Have bought some magnificent flowers for Imogene and am going to meet her at 7 o'clock.

MAY 3, 1890.—Just brought back from the hospital. Have been very sick. Do not know*

MAY 10, 1890.—I was unable to finish preceding statement. Do not now remember what I was going to say. Have only hazy recollection of that night with Imogene. She and Bertha met me and we entered restaurant through private way from Market Street side. I had reserved a suite. When I secretly handed Bertha the check I had promised her, she said she had to leave us for awhile but would return later. So I have no fault to find with her, as she kept her agreement. She also slipped

*This entry ends abruptly, for, as the next one will show, the diarist found himself unable to proceed with the writing. This is indication enough that his illness was of serious character, a supposition borne out by subsequent statement and the fact that nothing further was written for seven days.

me the vial of medicine I was to use. Imogene was attired in a new evening gown and she felt rather bashful because it was the first ever worn by her. I ordered dinner and we got along very smoothly. The Martini was the first cocktail the girl had tasted, but she liked its effects. I assured her they were harmless and she tried another. Then she seemed to feel more at ease. I told her that I was fond of her and she said she liked me, too. The dinner was good and I prolonged the enjoyment of my victory. We had a bottle of Mumm and then a second one, Imogene standing it much better than I thought she would. I told her she was mine and she said that was just what she wanted to be. So I am sure that what Bertha told me about her objection to my age was exaggerated, although the wine may have had something to do with readiness to accept me. I was careful not to propose, though. When I acted affectionately she made no objection. She even responded. Still I waited. I thought of Kathryn and Agatha and Mrs. J——. Imogene would pay for all. My mind became frenzied in anticipated satisfaction. At last, when the opportunity came, Imogene stepping to the mirror to readjust her hair, I poured the drug into her glass and filled it up with wine. She returned to the table and I proposed we drink to her guardian. At once she lifted the glass to her lips, but put it down again, remarking she was cold. She requested me to close the window, as a draught was blowing in. I did so and upon returning we took

up our glasses again and clinked them. Imogene proposed that we exchange glasses, but instantly, pretending not to hear her, I emptied mine and called upon her to drink to our toast. She did so and I smiled in realization that revenge was close at hand.

In a moment she complained that she felt ill. I assured her it was nothing, but that perhaps she ought to rest a little while. This suggestion she declined, but soon she said she was feeling sleepy. I told her to go into the adjoining room and make herself comfortable, which she did. Then I stretched myself upon the couch to wait. What happened after that I do not know. I must have been poisoned in some way, though the dinner seemed all right, for next thing I knew I was in the hospital. It was late in the forenoon. I heard the doctor say I was coming out all right and I asked him what was the matter. He informed me that early in the morning a waiter in the restaurant had found me in a stupor, apparently dying, and had called an ambulance. The doctor asked me many questions, but I was too discreet to give him any information, fearing that Imogene had also been poisoned by whatever it was that I had eaten and that if she had failed to recover I might be arrested. I inquired whether anybody else was present when the waiter found me, but he said no; that I was alone. So I suppose Imogene recovered from the effects of the drug which Bertha had provided and, thinking I was asleep, went home before waiter came in.

Yesterday I went out to McAllister Street for a conference with Bertha, having heard nothing whatever about Imogene, but found the house vacant. Cannot understand this. Imogene may have gone back to Shasta, feeling remorse at having broken her pledge not to drink. Bertha will let me know.

As in relation to an earlier episode in the adventures of the heartless roué, we may here seem to sense something more direct than mere good-fortune, which at best is a fortuitous thing, in the escape of the lovely Imogene from the fate that seemed certain to destroy her. Did this unerringly operate in such cases, or could any sort of providential interposition be depended upon to rescue the Helens and Imogenes from impending danger, there would be no necessity of going on with this instructive and admonitory exposition of the jeopardies always found to exist where the roués have not been taken in hand early by their natural restrainers and duly made to feel the corrective influence of matrimonial discipline. The full scope of Kaller's malignant career has not yet been covered, however, and the diary still shows his characteristic thirst for revenge.

What became of Bertha and the fair young

Imogene was never ascertained, if it may be assumed, and this surely seems within reason, that the diarist would have recorded any information obtained by him. A cynical friend whom I have consulted, and I regret the compulsion under which I admit that there are several cynics within the circle of my modest acquaintanceship, so far forgets his obligations of chivalry as to suggest that Bertha, the guardian of the girl, actually plotted to defraud Mr. Kaller and that, acting under this woman's instruction and at her instigation, Imogene dexterously changed the relative positions of the wine-glasses when her intending assailant turned away to close the window at her request and that as a result Mr. Kaller imbibed the soporific beverage which he had intended for his victim. Such accusation directed against the guardian fails to take into account the fact that this woman had directly bargained with the old roué. The plans had been made by her and she was in effect an accessory, even a partner. Kaller, as the diary tends to prove, never doubted the sincerity of Bertha any more than he doubted the innocence and rural simplicity of Imogene, and surely he, a worldly man of discrimination and astute understanding,

should have been able to arrive at correct judgment.

The theory mentioned in the diary, that Imogene probably returned to her home in Shasta County, may be taken as fully deserving of consideration. Indulgence in the liquors served at the dinner must have led to remorse. The girl admitted that she was unaccustomed to them; and it is the wisdom of experience that remorse waits upon indulgence, even among the well habituated. Conscience, suddenly aroused, presumably caused Imogene to take her departure from the restaurant as soon as she found the old roué sleeping, and nothing could have been more natural under the circumstances that have been detailed than determination to get away from the urban scenes of unusual temptation.

There comes an interval of silence in the diary, which would seem to mean that Mr. Kaller for a time abandoned his retaliatory schemes. It may be that his better nature felt the influence of his brief association with beautiful Imogene, for the gentle character of such as she has power to make even an old roué feel the error of his ways and return for a longer or shorter time to the paths of rectitude. A voyage to the Hawaiian Islands is mentioned, and al-

though details are lacking this seems to have occupied sufficient time for the diarist to become acquainted with some of the native terms used by the islanders and by all who sojourn among them for any extended period. That he liked the Hawaiian arts and ceremonial institutions is indicated by his frequent attendance at luaus.

A wahine, it appears, brought a little trouble upon him, she having neglected to mention the circumstance that she was married. The Hawaiians of old possessed natural simplicity and ingenuousness that absolved them in some degree from rigorous circumspection regarding family relationships, so she may have inherited something of this guileless spirit. At any rate, Mr. Kaller had no information regarding her matrimonial responsibilities until the wahine's more harshly inclined Caucasian husband suddenly interposed himself at an inopportune, or possibly opportune, moment, and made trouble until a financial settlement was suitably arranged.

THE WOMAN WHO OWNED A MINE

THE SUMMER OF 1893 found the old roué again in San Francisco. Business difficulties, to which only brief allusion was made, his diary having been reserved for records of intimate personal character, seem to have then occupied him to the exclusion of almost everything else. Protracted illness came upon him the following year, and not until 1895 did he write of any occurrences that have a logical place in this account of his unusual and malicious doings.

A matron of admitted standing in San Francisco's most select society circles, she, herself, having frankly and voluntarily made the admission, as women of good social position invariably will do when there is any possible doubt or question about the matter, was the next to become the object of the old roué's unyielding malignancy. She had at that time passed through enough of the mild California winters and proverbially pleasant summers to entitle her to the claim of middle age, though it is not of record in the diary that she ever asserted this claim or in any way sought to impress the diarist with the superiority of disposi-

tion, character and intellect that well-cultivated years may be relied upon to bring. Middle age, it should be explained, perhaps, for the information of the rising generation, was in those days a descriptive term applied to both sexes. Nowadays it is exclusively masculine in its application, and less definite than formerly. We think of middle-aged men as those inveterately addicted to golf and dancing, particularly golf, the classification including all up to the centenarians. After he has reached a hundred years and has begun to broadcast his age and the reminiscences of his prowess and gallantry in an earlier epoch, a man may safely be considered old. He used to grow old at fifty and commence to brag about having once been younger. Women have carried the reform to still greater advancement. A generation ago they either became old maids at twenty-five or got married and accepted middle age along with their marriage certificates, which documents they sometimes framed and always treasured with extraordinary pride and care, regarding them as insurance policies of personal respectability with the added guarantee that posterity might never have cause or occasion to reflect upon itself without due sense of authen-

ticity. The condition of feminine middle age continued along to the neighborhood of forty years, unless abundance of gray hair shortened up the time; and after forty a woman, if not old, was elderly. Nowadays, neither the blissful state of matrimony nor the persistent accumulation of years brings age. Eternal youth has been discovered in the beauty parlor, where Ponce de Leon never thought to seek it; and where that ancient adage about women being as old as they look is replaced by the more consistent one that a woman is as old as her granddaughter looks. And beauty is no longer skin-deep. So in this instance, when we speak of a matron who was apparently of middle age in the year 1895, it is to be assumed that she was not over forty; and in view of the fact that the rejuvenescent and preservative arts were all unknown at that time, she must be given the benefit of any doubt that may arise in the minds of our readers.

How it was that Mr. Kaller contrived to gain the acquaintance and confidence of the middle-aged woman, I am unable to relate, this being something that the diary fails to disclose; but men of his stamp have a peculiar sort of genius along that line, and if one crafty device proves

unsuccessful they resort to another. That she knew he was a bachelor is obvious, but whether this knowledge was obtained directly from him or must be classed merely among those things that every middle-aged woman knows by natural power of divination cannot be made clear. She could hardly have been ignorant of the fact that he was wealthy, but not knowing of his malign character and evil motives she surely never suspected that she was placing herself in the shadow of perils that only the power of riches can make complete. A large accumulation of dollars has the strength of a veritable host of men, whether for good or for evil; and in these personal schemes planned and promoted by Francis Kaller no good was either intended or accomplished, as already made evident. The diary, it will be seen, omits all reference to the first meeting with the woman, taking up in rather casual manner the narrative of the campaign directed against her.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1895.—Mrs. S———* called again

* In accordance with the policy of protecting innocent persons from suspicion, only the initial letter is permitted in print. The diary affords no means of exact identification beyond the use of the surname, which happens to be one of the most highly respected in the directory, of which it occupies a considerable portion.

today. She seems impressed with me. That's good. Told me I was the best-looking man in the city. Maybe she was trying to flatter, but could have no object in that. She seems sincere in everything. I am getting along rapidly. Declined request to take her to Mechanics' Fair.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1895.—We had dinner at Poodle Dog. Mrs. S—— insisted on dining downstairs. Guess she was afraid her friends would see her. Or maybe that they wouldn't. I know women pretty well. Still they puzzle me. Never can tell what they will do or won't do. Nor why in either case. It was a good dinner.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1895. — Evening with Mrs. S——. She has been busy with social duties. Wants to introduce me in her set sometime. Damn social sets. I hate society. Too many women in it. No place for a man. Mrs. S—— tells me she moves only in best circles. All women move in circles. Get an idea and revolve around it. Main idea is marriage. Always return to that point. She hasn't mentioned it, though. And I won't. No wedding bells for me. Must be hell to live with a wife. All wives are alike. I have met lots of them.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.—Mrs. S—— is difficult. Harder to manage than young women. Knows everything. Won't go out with me. Says people would think us engaged. Comes here seldom. Owing to her place in society she must be discreet.

This is annoying. She is a good-looking woman. Rather too smart. But I will tame her. I will make society laugh at her.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1895. — Unexpected visit from Mrs. S——. Came to my rooms rather late. Was on her way to reception and changed her mind. Finds that society wearies her at times since she met me. Should think it would make anybody tired. I got along somewhat better than before, until I suggested some jewelry for her. She got indignant. Said no man could buy gifts for her unless married to her. Then she confided that she was a woman of wealth. Owns large variety of property, but didn't say what. That makes it worse. No matter. I'll find a way. She likes my looks. That is enough.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1895. — Mrs. S—— has been keeping out of my way. Must be offended at my attentions. Will have to handle her with gloves. Society women are capricious. Wouldn't be society women otherwise.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1895. — Had dinner with Mrs. S——. She sent message by telephone, wanting business talk with me. Met at Market and Kearny and went to Maison Riche, where we could be alone. She didn't mind going upstairs. Was sure it would be all right to go with me. She is too circumspect. Had property difficulties, but was reticent about telling me. During dinner she was greatly troubled.

Women should never be given any property. They don't know how to take care of it. Just to draw her out I let her know I was a mine-owner. That had effect. She admitted that everything she owned was tied up in a mine. Relatives trying to get it away from her. I detest relatives. Never speak to those I happen to have. She refused to give particulars, for she couldn't trust anybody. I will find out what her interests are. If they are worth anything I will make her reimburse me for all I have lost on her female tribe. Will see her again tomorrow.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1895.—Went to the Maison Riche, as agreed. Mrs. S——— was waiting. Had come early because anxious about her mine. Her uncle and two cousins insist that she sell to them for \$100,000. She owns a three-quarter interest, they holding the rest. Thinks it is a low price, but they will refuse to speak to her unless she sells. I asked for a description of the property, but she couldn't give it. That's like a woman. She had even forgotten the name of the mine. Thought she should consult lawyer, but I told her to leave it all to me. She will bring name and description tomorrow.

OCTOBER 1, 1895.—Mrs. S——— came early. Her visit is worth money to me. Was surprised to learn that her mine is the Double Eagle in Nevada, close to one of my properties. I know the man that poses as owner. Everybody thinks it all his. When I named him she said he was the uncle she told me

about. This is a surprise. The mine is worth millions. That fellow is trying to freeze her out. I will check him, though. Have arranged for another conference in morning and will make offer. Can afford to be more liberal than the relatives.

OCTOBER 2, 1895.—Made an offer of \$150,000 for the Double Eagle. Mrs. S—— said she was willing to sell me half her interest for that sum. Seems more shrewd than before. Women are natural bargainers. That explains it. She wants me to take half interest with her and manage the mine. Says it would be lovely to have me for partner. Insists I am the only man she could ever learn to care for. Must put a stop to that sort of thing, but am leading her on until deal is put through. She will be easy for me now. Have asked her to bring papers.

OCTOBER 3, 1895.—Description of mine is perfect. I am familiar with everything there. Papers all straight. Mrs. S—— will sell only half her holding. Wants to be associated with me. I have raised my offer to \$200,000.

OCTOBER 4, 1895.—Mrs. S—— telephoned early today. Must see me at once. She came to hotel and told me one of her cousins was on the way from Nevada. That would spoil everything. She begged me to buy the partnership with her at \$200,000. I told her I would give \$250,000 for her entire interest and not another cent. If that wasn't satisfactory she could wait and do business with her

cousin. The bluff worked. We went to lawyer and closed the deal, I paying over the money at my bank. She still wants some kind of partnership with me. We are to dine at the Maison Riche to-morrow night. She displayed much affection for me upon being relieved of her mining property, and said she would prove her gratitude. When I get through with her, though, she will never trust another man.

OCTOBER 6, 1895.—Went to the Maison Riche at appointed hour and waited until eleven. Mrs. S—— did not come. Think she had to meet her cousin. He is the maddest man in America, I'll wager.

OCTOBER 8, 1895.—Haven't heard from Mrs. S——. Cannot imagine what has become of her.

The middle of October brought the next reference to the middle-aged woman, Mrs. S——, with brief information to the effect that the reputed owner of the Double Eagle mine disputed Mr. Kaller's claim to a controlling interest, or to any interest whatsoever, going even so far as to repudiate his relationship to the woman and denouncing her sale as unauthorized by him and entirely fraudulent in every respect. Whether there was any merit in these strange and denunciatory declarations

does not appear of record in the diary, nor is it made clear that the purchaser received them with sufficient seriousness to institute an investigation or make any sort of an inquiry. That he was too experienced a business man to accept the Nevada uncle's mere word we may well believe; but beyond that I find no data on which to form an intelligent and unbiased opinion. Mining men are proverbially jealous of their titles and therefore hostile to all opposing claims and assumptions. Besides, this Nevada owner would naturally have been vexed at the manner in which he had been outwitted in his attempt to swindle his middle-aged niece out of valuable property at a moderate price, and might readily have been disposed to put Mr. Kaller to any possible annoyance and inconvenience, not hesitating to require legal proof and court action before surrendering the wealth at which he had so covetously grasped. The annals of the law are full of such cases, as will be pointed out by any competent attorney duly retained for that purpose.

Our diarist's neglect to narrate the full particulars may be taken as an indication that for a considerable time after his purchase of the mine he was kept busy with the task of estab-

lishing his claim. On July 16 of the following year he wrote a few solemn words invoking malediction upon Mrs. S——— and her entire sisterhood, and that is the last reference to the woman or the mine. This harsh entry remains unexplained.

As we review the history, it seems entirely likely that Mrs. S———, having disposed of her mine to rather better advantage than would have been the case had she accepted the urgent offer of her designing relatives, resumed her social activities with new interest and ardor, the possession of adequate resources in the form of ready money always being an incentive and never a hindrance in the pursuit of society pleasures; and in this career she could have had no motive in keeping up her acquaintance with the old roué. Or, in discussing the sale with her cousin, the latter may have persuaded her that Kaller imposed upon her and that had she waited a reasonable time the relatives would have paid her a much larger sum for the mine. This would explain why she failed to keep her dinner appointment, there being nothing so bitter as an embittered woman and nothing more likely to cause feminine embitterment than being beaten at a bargain. On the other hand, she

may have been perfectly satisfied with the price obtained for her interest in the Double Eagle, reflecting that it was two and a half times that offered her by her uncle and cousins, and she may have taken the opportunity to indulge a desire for extended travel, such desire almost invariably inspiring a woman who has plenty of money to spend. One thing is certain: she escaped the pitfall into which the old roué was scheming to hurl her, and for that she will feel profoundly thankful when this account unfolds the full truth to her, if, which seems not at all unlikely, she is still an adornment of her favored social circles, no longer middle-aged as in that older and unsophisticated time, but recreated in beauty and restored to pristine youth.

ONE LITTLE GIRL IN BLUE.

WOMAN'S RESOURCEFULNESS in evading the traps laid for her by the designing and cunning individuals of this Kaller type has developed out of necessity. It is not less needed now than it was in the days of the cave man, though I have no wish to cast aspersions upon this latter specimen of the genus *homo*, for if he actually was the rough and unpolished villain that archaeologists describe he at least had the merit of being frank and direct in his methods and he never resorted to the modern forms of deception and trickery that our society roués employ. He never made use of the incalculable power of money in surrounding his victims with the temptations that femininity finds so difficult to resist. We must bear in mind, too, that the reports concerning him are largely theoretical and speculative, no specific charge against him having been substantiated; and it is only just and fair to reflect that if the cave man really was a powerful, aggressive, bold, and impetuous fellow, he had the cave woman to contend with, so that all his primitive strong-arm qualifications were necessary. No experi-

enced student of human nature will believe that there ever was a class of men not held in fairly reasonable subjugation by good wives; excepting, of course, the irresponsible class of bachelors, beings whose misfortunes have always been of the solitary kind and whose unhappily lone condition has in all ages of the world rendered them objects of commiseration as well as of blame.

We cannot doubt that from the earliest days of the race women have commanded the power to protect themselves and guard their own interests in every necessary way, ingeniously attaining new resources as new needs have arisen. The cave woman presumably relied mainly upon her physical strength in subduing her husband or any masculine aggressor. This form of reliance has not become entirely obsolete, but it is less effective than the more subtle modern methods that have developed through the long ages by a gradual process of evolution. The present-day refinements of conversational control, for example, will awe and silence a belligerent husband far more quickly and successfully than would the fists and claws and teeth of the prehistoric female.

These superficial and rather general re-

marks, as the reader will soon discover, are merely preambulatory in character and intent, leading up to the manner in which a young woman of the modern resourcefulness managed to slip out of a net in which the roué of the diary had partially enmeshed her while still adhering to his reprehensible course. The records which tell of the new adventure follow numerous incidents of commonplace nature, the occasional doings of Mr. Kaller in two years of humdrum bachelor existence immediately after his purchase of the mine and his incidentally attendant loss of the previous owner's friendship.

DECEMBER 20, 1897. — Received a letter today from somebody I had forgotten. Must have made a good impression on her. Will answer it tomorrow and see her soon.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 18, 1897.*

MY DEAR MR. KALLER:

Do you remember me? Doubtless you do not; men are so fickle and always changeable. I am the girl you met at Napa Soda Springs some time ago and have been trying for some time to communicate with you, but didn't know your address until now when a friend got it for me.

* The letter was pasted in the diary, this, as already made evident, having been the old roué's method of preserving his correspondence.

We had a number of drinks together one evening* and after you had quite a lot of them you called me your little girl in blue because I wore a blue dress and you sang a song about my looking sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.**

I am a blonde and very petite. People say I am good looking and you thought so yourself at the Springs that night. If you would wish to see me again I would be pleased to have you and you can let me know. I will call at the Palace and we can meet in the lobby or anywhere you think best. I forgot to tell you I am only in my teens, but people say I look old for my age, so you must not think anything less of me for that reason.

When we meet in the hotel I will wear another blue dress, for I like to have you call me your little girl in blue. If you do not know me I will know you, for I remember you so well and I hope you have not forgotten me. With fondest wishes of seeing you before very long.

Your little girl in blue,

General Delivery,
San Francisco, Cal.

DAISY GREEN.†

*As all Californians know, the Napa Springs are noted for the excellent quality of the natural soda water to which the writer here refers.

**The girl in the old song was complimented about looking neat, rather than sweet, upon the double bicycle, which was a vehicle, and more or less a conveyance, in the days preceding the general introduction of the automobile.

†Contrary to the rule previously followed, the entire name is here published, but only for the reason that it appears to be fictitious, the girl, like so many others of romantic spirit, having thought it wise to conceal her true identity until acquaintance had reached a more established stage.

DECEMBER 21, 1897. — Have been trying to remember Daisy Green, but cannot. My recollection seems to have been muddled at the Springs. Did not know I ever sang that song, but possibly did. Well, I'll have a look at her. Am sending this answer:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., December 20, 1897.

DEAR MISS GREEN:

Yes, indeed, I remember you very well. No man could forget my little girl in blue. Certainly I could not. Come to the Palace tomorrow if you receive this in time. I will be at the desk at twelve sharp. Will wait until one. Will repeat that schedule every day until I see you.

No, I do not mind that you are in your teens. I am older and our ages will make a respectable average.* I have no bicycle, but will arrange a little luncheon for two and that will show how sweet you look.

So do not fail to come. Noon, sharp, tomorrow.

Very truly yours,

To Miss Daisy Green,

FRANCIS KALLER.

General Delivery, San Francisco.

DECEMBER 22, 1897. — It was nearly one when Daisy arrived. I knew her at once. A small blonde, just as she had described herself, she was dressed

* This may have been intended as a humorous touch, but such evidences of good nature are so foreign to the diary that a less charitable interpretation is indicated. By merely admitting that he was older than the girl, he gave no information whatever as to his real age, leaving her entirely ignorant upon a subject regarding which a man actuated by honest motives might have readily enlightened her. The reader should note the subtlety with which respectability is insinuated.

in blue with a large blue hat. Stylish looking girl. Seemed older than I expected. Would have thought her thirty or thirty-five. Am never a good judge of ages. Went to Marchand's for lunch, so we could have private tête-à-tête. Daisy very sociable. Told me history of her life, as it explains why she appears older than she is. Has had to earn her own living for several years. Finds that difficult as there is not much a refined girl can do. Her parents were wealthy, but both died in Chicago when she was a child. Relatives then got the money. Was adopted, taken to New York, and abandoned. Four years in orphan home. Became chorus girl and show got stranded here. Has been living with friends most of time since. She says it will be a gloomy Christmas for her. I must plan a surprise. Then will have my way. Girl would not give me her address because she wants to have nicer place before I go to see her. I advanced money to get her established, but she would take it only as a loan. Haven't met many like that.

DECEMBER 23, 1897.—Daisy is grateful, as shown by letter left at hotel desk this afternoon.

PALACE HOTEL,

DEAR MR. KALLER:

SAN FRANCISCO, December 23.

You see I am still quite formal, but cannot yet presume to call you by your first name, as you wished I would do. We girls cannot take so much liberty in such a short time, but I hope to be better acquainted with you very soon. I have been looking for a nicer place to live and haven't

found one yet, for furnished flats are high and a girl has to be careful where she lives when she lives alone. I am at the hotel now, but did not find you here. I am leaving this note, which I hope will find you.

Christmas is only two days away, so I would like to be moved into my new flat by then, but I guess Christmas will not mean much to me, though, as I do not expect any presents. I would like to get you something nice and will do so if I have money enough left after I get my flat, which is the first thing I must do so you can come to see me. It will be lonesome to be alone only when you come, but will be nicer than in the room I have had.

Tomorrow it will be Christmas Eve and I think it would be nice if we had dinner together, so I will call at your hotel about six. If that is not convenient for you I will wait until you come.

Your affectionate little friend,

General Delivery,
San Francisco, Cal.

DAISY.

DECEMBER 25, 1897.—This is Christmas Day. Had dinner last night with Daisy. She seemed much pleased and contented with the presents and money I gave her. Said this was the first real Christmas she ever knew. Received tie as gift from her. Will have to wear it when I see her. It is terrible. They always give ties. Could tell the holiday season by new neckwear.

Daisy still refuses to let me know where she is living. Thinks the place too cheap. She will move in few days. Is planning a house-warming party just for us two. I am giving her plenty of rope, so to speak. Will dine together again tonight.

DECEMBER 26, 1897.—Had Christmas dinner at Italian restaurant on Broadway. Took Daisy around Barbary Coast.* Think she was frightened. One man spoke to her and pretended he knew her, but he called her Mollie. She entered into the spirit of the place and addressed him as Jack. Was friendly and polite to him, but afterward she laughed and told me she never had seen him before. In another café a bartender and couple of girls greeted her rather cordially and she returned salutation in same manner. She's a clever girl. Seems to mix well among strangers. Result of her chorus girl life, of course.

Dropped in to see Madam ———** on Stockton Street this afternoon. Told her of my new find. She agrees to take Daisy whenever I am ready, if age is as stated. Skeptical on that point. She's always skeptical.

DECEMBER 27, 1897.—Daisy unable to see me today. Looking at flats. Another letter from her.

* "Barbary Coast." So called on account of pirates that preyed on the navigators cruising about there in former times. Its ports of adventure in the Pacific Street section below Kearny Street were largely given up to marque and reprisal proceedings, which were carried on without the formality of authorization, but were none the less effective on that account, a "mark," or "easy mark," as he was called in the odd vernacular of the day, always meriting reprisal and never escaping it. The picturesque depredations seem to have been carried on by both sexes, here and there a man having been engaged in the piracy, according to tradition.

**Name deleted.

DARLING MR. K.:

S. F., December 26, 1897.

I am writing to you once more because I have been hunting houses today, although it is Sunday, and have to see some more tomorrow, which will take all my time, but if I find one will let you know right away, and anyway you can take me to dinner. I saw one nice place and was going to take it, but they wanted a reference and I did not have one to give her as I did not know many people, for you are the only one who could give me a good reference. They don't like to rent flats to single girls they don't know anything about because they have to be strict, so I will look in different part of city tomorrow.

I liked my trip with you last night and had a good time. It was funny that man and one of the girls called me Mollie, so I guess they thought I was some other girl they knew. They were pretty fresh, but because I was with you I did not tell them what I thought of them. I ain't used to such people.

What I would like sometime is for you to take me through Chinatown,* and will be happy to go if you will take me. I never have been through there and would like to go through it with you.

With love,

DAISY.

P. S.—It costs so much going around looking for a flat I am not sure I will have enough for the first month of the

* No extended description of Chinatown is needed, the district being frequently and thoroughly explored by all tourists and occasionally visited by residents of San Francisco. The old Oriental section was destroyed by the conflagration of 1906. In the rebuilding, some of the original picturesqueness was lost, chiefly on account of the stringency of fire and health regulations imposed by the municipal authorities, but the underground labyrinthian features were restored sufficiently to insure the prosperity of the Caucasian guides who seem to outnumber the Mongolian population.

rent, and they will want it paid for a month in advance, but will let you know. It is just fine to have a friend to look after everything, and I never had anybody before.

DAISY.

DECEMBER 28, 1897.—Received telephone message from Daisy at noon. She had found flat. I sent messenger with the money. Ellis above Powell. That will be convenient.

DECEMBER 29, 1897.—Went to see flat this afternoon. Five rooms and comfortable. Suits me exactly. Had dinner together. Then we went to Chinatown. Same old bunk.* Daisy wondered at everything. Guide called her Mollie and she didn't like it. Replied rather sharply. Must be a general nickname for girls down that way. Two policemen spoke to her in kindly manner. She is a girl that attracts attention, all right.

Daisy felt sorry for some old Chinese fellows smoking opium and wanted me to try it. She called it hitting the pipe. Afraid she drank too much at dinner, for the term is absurd. They never hit their pipes while smoking.** Several pale and sickly looking white girls were revealed to us, they

* This may have been intended as plural, in relation to the bunks or tiers of cots arranged in the underground passages for the edification of touring visitors. However, the word has also a slang significance.

**Strange comment from a man so familiar with the old San Francisco, perhaps, but it can hardly be regarded as a matter of surprise that he failed to understand the metaphorical allusion

being prisoners in a basement dungeon. Undoubtedly deserved their fate. Daisy said their paleness was not real, but put on with regular theatrical makeup. Said she knew, because she had been in chorus. Wouldn't believe they were slaves. She has much to learn. The owners would not go to the expense of buying paint and powder for those girls. Guide backed up my statements. Said they were slaves of the Chinese. He certainly knows.

Guide offered to show us more intimate side of underground life for additional fee. Having seen that side several times I declined. We left after roaming through the various connecting passages and seeing the smokers and the white slave girls. Daisy wanted to see Chinese girl slaves, but guide said their husbands would not permit.

We passed through one of the alleys of the unrestricted district.* Two ladies with escort were turned back by a policeman at the alley entrance, but no objection was made to Daisy and me. The officer recognized me, I think, for he bowed to us. Seeing that we were looked upon as privileged characters, I prolonged our tour of inspection, loitering leisurely. Several young women accosted me from their windows and doorways, but upon

which at that time was coming into popular use. Everybody but the addicts, who have a phraseology of their own, now knows that to "hit the pipe" is to smoke the narcotic poison.

* A mistake in the writing. Restricted district must have been meant, though the adjective appearing in the diary was literally more correct.

discovering my companion they became more circumspect or withdrew from observation. Daisy could not understand why there were so many of them in the alley and why they had so many friends to converse with. I replied it was a festive occasion in the district, a celebration being held in honor of visiting sailors. This apparently pleased her a great deal and she spoke of the sailors with appreciation, remarking that wherever they cruised their lives were in danger. Her observation was correct in this instance.

Escorted her to her flat, and the hour being late, she said goodnight at the doorway. I stopped on Stockton Street, then came home.

DECEMBER 30, 1897.—Went to see Daisy at her flat this afternoon. Felt sure she has become fond of me. Got to thinking about Kathryn. I have that old account to square up and am going to do it. Asked Daisy if she was ever in love. She replied not until she met me, so I said no more about it. She is no different from the others. Wants what she can get. But I am not so easy now. She will realize after a while.

DECEMBER 31, 1897.—Have my scheme arranged for tonight. We are to witness celebration this evening.* Supper in Daisy's flat at midnight. That

* The "celebration" was in all probability the New Year's Eve street carousal. Old San Francisco's spirit of joviality found unrestrained expression in saying farewell to the old year and welcoming the new one. It was the custom for nearly everybody to indulge in hilarity and any convenient means of promoting it.

will be my opportunity to even up old score with women. Have sent case of champagne and plenty of other things. Will have more to record tomorrow.

JANUARY 10, 1898.—I think Daisy deceived me. Her name seems to be Mollie, after all. Maybe it's her middle name, though. Our New Year supper proved an unfortunate affair. We had just finished eating and I was near the realization of my dream of revenge when a man entered. How he got into the flat I do not know. He made no noise, so I was unaware of his presence until he suddenly confronted me. He said he would shoot if I made a move. I assured him I was unarmed, and had not the slightest inclination to make resistance. I further stated that if Daisy was his wife it was all a mistake, as she had led me to believe she was single. This tactful address had a calming effect on him, for he sat down and suggested we all have a little of the champagne. We talked quite sociably a while. At length he inquired how much money I had. I replied I had only a few hundred dollars with me, but could lend him some of that if he needed it. He said he needed it all. His manner was so arrogant that I demurred, whereupon he brandished the pistol again and threatened me. Then he commanded the girl whom I had known as Daisy to go through my pockets, but he called her Mollie. She obeyed him in ready and nimble manner, delivering to him my money, watch, and ring. I protested that the action was robbery. This

seemed to amuse the man. Daisy smiled, too, I thought. The man then became sociable once more. As the hour was late, I suggested it was time for me to go home, and I was ready to go if he was. At this he became profane, instructing me that I was to stay there until morning. Finding upon discussion of the matter that there was no alternative, I remained, stretching myself on the couch, but getting very little sleep. Early in the forenoon, while I was still held prisoner, Daisy went out and got some things for breakfast. I expected that at this opportunity she would call the police, but she did not have wit enough for that. When the man and Daisy had eaten, I having no appetite, my captor announced that before I could go I would have to make out several checks. He wrote down the sums to be paid, ranging from \$500 to \$4000, with a different name as payee for each check. Realizing it was a holiday, and I would have plenty of time to stop payment, I decided to humor him and did so. He kept me prisoner until night, however. That afternoon I discovered the man was a friend of Daisy's and she had called him in for protection, as she was suspicious of me. She could not have suspected he would demand my money, though. About 9 o'clock he sent Daisy to call a cab. When this arrived, the driver came in and he and the robber escorted me out, the robber being still armed and declaring he would kill me if I did not go quietly. The driver was instructed to take me to my hotel, but instead of doing so he drove out into the country. The armed robber sitting at

my side, I was unable to object. Before morning I was taken to a small shanty well down the peninsula and remote from other houses, where a third man was waiting. There I was detained eight days. Finally the robber, who had been keeping lone guard over me, went away, saying he would return at night, and if I attempted to leave he would shoot me. I waited until the next day, stole out of the place, and made my escape. Had hardly anything I could eat during captivity. Slept but little. A hard experience.

JANUARY 11, 1898.—Am staying right in hotel, but ventured to my bank this morning. Found all checks had been cashed. Have determined to say nothing about the case. No good would come of it. Robber is a vicious fellow.

JANUARY 14, 1898.—Sent messenger with note to Daisy. Nobody there. She must be alarmed about my absence.

JANUARY 20, 1898.—Have received letter from Daisy, which removes my suspicion that robber had kidnapped her. Confirms my idea her name is Mollie.

ON THE TRAIN, January 15, '97.*

DEAREST MR. KALLER:

I could not bear to leave without seeing you again and bidding goodbye, but you were not there when I left and

* An error in the date, the writer having forgotten in her excitement that another year had arrived, although the incidents attend-

so it was all I could do. It was just too bad to see you made to sign those checks and lose the money, but you did it like a hero, and I guess you have plenty more, so be careful of it until I get back. If I don't come back, remember your little girl in blue, for we had such good times together and you were nice to me and I hope to meet some more like you, for you were the best I ever met. I was sorry they all called me Mollie, for I never liked my name, and I think Daisy is much nicer, too. The man who got you to write the checks thought you were very nice, and he was glad he didn't have to be rough with you and that there wasn't any trouble about the cashing of them. I would have been afraid of him if you had not been there. So goodby.

With love,

YOUR LITTLE GIRL IN BLUE.

Nothing more about Daisy, or Mollie, appears in the diary. In fact, there comes a protracted interval extending into the new century with no mention of any woman excepting Kathryn, who, on the fourteenth anniversary of her elopement, or desertion, is paid the passing tribute of anathema.

The reader, pausing for analytical consideration of the preceding episode, may naturally feel some slight doubt as to the character and integrity of the young woman in the case for

ing her celebration with the old roué certainly should have impressed this upon her mind. The diarist does not say whether the postmark on the envelope indicated the place where the letter was posted.

the reason that she made use of an assumed name. It should be remembered, however, that she had been employed on the stage and that members of the theatrical profession usually seek in this very way to improve their chances of success. Tradition seems to require the change of appellation. When Mary Jones decides to become an actress, she determines that she will be known to fame only as Gwendolyn Smith; whereas, a Smith girl upon whom fond parents have solicitously bestowed the distinctive and more or less Christian name, Gwendolyn, is just as likely to regard this as too lengthy for electric light celebrity and for that good and practical reason introduce herself to the waiting world as Mary Jones. Any name but the baptismal one will do. This girl of the diary admits in the letter written on the train that being called Mollie was displeasing to her; and in this era of feminine enfranchisement it would be ridiculous to grant full liberty in all other respects and withhold the right of nomenclatorial freedom. Woman's good name is a treasured possession. Let her improve it when she can.

All who sympathize with the old roué in regard to the loss of his money in the newly re-

corded instance, and among the old bachelors of his baneful class some sympathizers surely will be found, must remember that the robbery, if it should be mentioned as such, was the work of the man whom the girl summoned to protect her when, apparently, her intuition warned her that she was in danger. She unquestionably had the right to call even a passing stranger to her aid, and neither in law nor in morals could she be held in any degree accountable for the actions of such individual. It is a matter of general knowledge that the courts award heavy punitive damages to injured maidens when wooing roués prove deceivers, and had Mollie, or Daisy, merely sought to promote her own financial interest, she would in all probability have resorted to legal procedure with the reasonable expectation of greater gain than would result from participation in more direct action such as robbery. Lawyers are far more expert than fellows like the one who befriended Mollie; and under their guidance the scheming offender would have been put to the additional expense of retaining counsel, not to mention the costs of the case and the chagrin he would feel when other old roués learned of his failure in the detestable adventure.

Attention will direct itself to the fact that after his release from captivity Mr. Kaller endeavored to communicate with the young woman, an indication that he had no doubt of her innocence and that he was still disposed to carry out the nefarious plot in which he had so signally failed. That the girl immediately went away from San Francisco, as made known by her letter of farewell, indicates that she feared the old roué, circumstances having brought her to a full realization of her danger. Besides, she may have had a theatrical engagement that required her presence elsewhere. If Mr. Kaller had any further communication with her, he did not see fit to allude to it in his diary. As he always recorded these matters, the presumption is that she thereafter successfully escaped his snares.

THE CHAPERON OF A PRINCESS

SEVERAL PAGES of the diary are devoted to notable happenings in 1900, though there is little of interest from the time of Mollie's departure to the year 1905. During the first month of May in the new century, at a time when the old man's fancy returned to projects of hostility toward the fair sex, San Francisco was honored by a visit from an extraordinary woman who may here be known simply as Mrs. K——. The name was not Kaller, which is the only information to be volunteered in relation to it. Whether this woman was an old acquaintance of the diarist cannot be stated, though such a supposition seems warranted by the fact that no particulars in regard to her are in the record; nor is there any word to show how the two came in contact in that early summery part of 1900. That she was of the elderly class may be taken for granted, as she seems to have been exempt from the roué's vindictive scheming. Whatever else may be known about her is revealed in the diary.

MAY 12, 1900.—Saw Mrs. K—— this morning. She has discovered a diamond field in Santa Clara

County. Says it is very rich. Will bring specimens to show me. I judge from her description it is not far from the New Almaden quicksilver mines. Wants me to take charge of it. Says no capital is needed. Will not let me put up any money. This is worth investigating.

MAY 13, 1900.—Another conference about diamond fields. She wants me to take half interest and manage operations. She will provide all funds. Urges complete secrecy. This necessary, of course. Fields revealed to her in dream. Says she is very clairvoyant. Knows all about everybody at glance. I asked what she could tell about me. She seemed to go into sort of trance for a minute, then said I was fond of the ladies, though not a marrying man. Smart woman, certainly. We are going to look over diamond prospects next week. She is buying some real estate just now, so cannot get away.

MAY 14, 1900.—Mrs. K——— intends to acquire the Occidental Hotel property. Has agent at work on price. I advised her to wait until we see how diamond fields turn out. Bad to have too many irons in the fire. Diamonds the important thing.

MAY 15, 1900.—Was got out of bed by call from office* early this morning. Lady there very impatient. Must see me at once. Dressed hurriedly and went down. It was Mrs. K———. Swore me to secrecy, then confided that one of the Hawaiian princesses, whom she knew in the islands, had come

* The hotel office, apparently.

to visit her. Cannot spell the name. Young and pretty. Has two sugar plantations in own right. Traveling incog. Wants to marry. Mrs. K—— thinks me eligible. Will not let her meet anybody else. Is bringing her to see me tonight.

MAY 16, 1900.—Mrs. K—— came greatly excited. Princess had disappeared. Left no message. We spent the night searching for her. No results. I think she may have other friends here and is visiting them.

MAY 17, 1900.—Slept until noon. Mrs. K—— came to announce that princess had returned. Couldn't explain her absence. Somnambulism, she thinks. Cannot let me meet her at present; condition too nervous. Wants the princess to rest. I advised calling a doctor. Said she had done so.

MAY 18, 1900.—Mrs. K—— greatly in fear of princess. Thinks latter is plotting against her and wants to turn her over to me. Told her I would engage apartment at Maison Riche and she could bring girl there tonight. She is to do that. I can arrange things so there will be no more trouble. Know just where a Hawaiian princess will be welcome.*

MAY 19, 1900.—Stayed at Maison R. till morning. They didn't come. Received no word. Suspect the princess caused trouble.

* In the light of the old roué's earlier plots, this must be taken as signifying an intention to relegate the princess to slavery. There

LATER.—After writing foregoing, had call from Mrs. K——. Said she found out princess was a spy trying to get facts about our diamond mines. I advised extreme caution. Told her to have nothing more to do with princess. Change residence if necessary. She is living at the Occidental. Says she will close deal for property tomorrow. I asked price, but she got suspicious. Thought I was after it. Urged her to go and see diamond fields. She has made offer to buy Geary Street Railroad and must wait for that. Poor investment, I think.

MAY 20, 1900.—We are going to look over diamond discoveries tomorrow. Mrs. K—— suspects I want to get control. Will manage to do that, I think. Wonder how she read my thoughts. Surely clairvoyant. I must be more careful. The princess not a spy, after all. Here in the interest of annexation of the islands. Never can tell about a woman. Just as well she didn't come to Maison Riche. I want no trouble with the government.

can be no other interpretation. It is almost unbelievable that a man of intelligence and education would write, even in the pages of a diary, anything so incriminating; but this recording of events and expectations seems to have become a mania of mild sort. As a usual practice, old roués relate their adventures to cronies of similar habits and character, with boasting as their principal pleasure. Kaller, however, seems to have had no confidant with the exception of the lawyer whom he employed in 1885, after the disappearance of his fiancée. The diary served instead, and over its pages was the gloating done. This morbid condition was a part of the mental infirmity which kept our diarist in bachelorhood and made a roué of him.

MAY 21, 1900.—Met Mrs. K—— in lobby this morning as per appointment. We were starting away when a strange man jovially addressed her and said he had been looking all over town for her. She seemed happy to see him. Bade me an affectionate farewell, which was certainly embarrassing, so many people about. Clerk told me stranger was attendant from sanitarium and had been looking for escaped patient.

Mr. Kaller's peculiar habit, developed in his later years, of failing to narrate final particulars that would be of interest is here again encountered. We are left with no means of ascertaining whether the stranger who accompanied Mrs. K—— away from the hotel was in truth a sanitarium attaché. He may have been a man employed by her to carry out a clever bit of pretense by which she would be able to effectually rid herself of the old roué. As already seen, she was a woman of astuteness, with the clairvoyant power of reading the thoughts of the partner whom she had accepted in good faith, and we learn from the diary that she actually had come to regard him with suspicion. That this novel departure was simply a trick on her part seems to be substantiated by the San Francisco newspapers of the time. These jour-

nals carry no record of her being thus apprehended on the day and in the manner alleged, and nobody acquainted with their enterprise will believe for an instant that they would have overlooked so important a bit of news in relation to a woman wealthy enough to buy the Occidental Hotel and the Geary Street Railroad, especially when the incident was staged in a hostelry known throughout the country.

Further details about the Hawaiian princess are similarly unobtainable. Nobody seems able to recall her visit, but this may well be ascribed to the fact that she remained incognito. She presumably was occupied with the propaganda which not long afterward resulted in making Hawaii a part of the United States. That Mrs. K—— discussed her with the old roué in the manner recorded brings her shrewdness again to mind, for there could hardly have been a better means of establishing his unworthiness.

Real estate authorities express doubt that the Occidental property was sold to any woman in the year mentioned, so it may be regarded as unlikely that the purchase was actually effected; though this is another instance in which the destruction of the records of 1906

has interfered with research. As to the Geary Street Railway, various bidders wanted it, but the right of way and its rolling stock liabilities were eventually acquired by the city.

Another thing left in mystery is the importance of the diamond fields located by Mrs. K——. We have been able to find no authority to show that they were ever developed; and as the discoverer of them was of so untrusting a nature, it is entirely probable that after her experience with the old roué she never again took anybody into her confidence. Mining history is not without records of prospectors so careful in guarding rich locations that they died without ever imparting their secrets to others; and this may be an instance of that very sort.

A rather commonplace incident of 1901 was Mr. Kaller's endeavor to impose upon a prepossessing young woman who, it seems, commanded none of the brilliant strategy powers displayed by the diamond discoverer of the preceding adventure, but who nevertheless proved able to escape quite as readily and successfully. As it deals with a street flirtation, which was begun by the girl in the thoughtless manner of the happy and innocent young folks

who see only good in everybody and no harm in anything, the affair would not be regarded as worthy of even this mere reference but for the old roué's mention under the same date that upon returning to his hotel that night he discovered that his money, watch and chain, diamond scarfpin, and gold cuff-buttons were missing. How these things came to be lost is not explained. There were in San Francisco during those earlier years not a few thieves, men who did not hesitate to steal under favorable circumstances, some of them now and then making so bold as to actually extract valuables from the pockets of citizens while the victims remained entirely unaware of the proceeding, for which reason they were denominated pickpockets. Happily this latter form of thievery has virtually become a thing of the past, killed off, as it were, by the general use of the automobile, which in its exhilarating inspiration directs the thoughts of any criminally inclined individuals or organizations along lines of endeavor less petty and sly. The loss of the enumerated articles upon the night of the street flirtation may have been brought about by contact with one of those old-time pickpockets; and indeed this is the only plausible theory.

TWO INCIDENTS OF AGGRESSION

THE CIRCUMSTANCE that some undiscovered individual found it necessary to resort to the expedient of chloroforming him is sufficient evidence of the old roué's continuation of his course of persecution during 1902. There are only three brief entries regarding this case and these give practically no details. The month was November.

"Was kept in the restaurant three days under a doctor's care," the first of the records reads. "They said I had been chloroformed. A bad case. Don't see how it could have happened. Nobody but the girl was with me. Will try to find out who she is. Perhaps she can help solve mystery."

Next day the diarist wrote: "Don't mind the loss of the money, but would like to know about the chloroform." In the third entry he merely mentioned that he had fully recovered and that he would "never patronize that place again."

A complete narration of this experience would be of interest as throwing an added bit of light on Mr. Kaller's career. These meager

allusions might well be omitted, perhaps, lest the lack of solution disappoint curious readers; yet the diary is not offered for perusal by the curious, but for the benefit of such as need the lessons it presents. In this instance the roués should read with profit, for the administration of the deadly drug may be regarded as a mis-directed attempt on the part of some person or persons unknown to obtain redress for an old wrong or to remove a persistent menace from society. Punishment of this sort should of course be left to the properly constituted and duly elected authorities, though resort to the unwritten law has always been approved by the unlettered lawyers and is one of the many things on which a jury will always return a verdict of acquittal.

What became of the money mentioned as lost at the time of the misadventure must be left to the imagination. Obviously, Mr. Kaller never knew. If there was direct robbery, the girl companion of the old roué must have been intimidated, so that in her fright she hastened away without waiting to give her name or any information that would enable the victim to obtain a clue to the thief. Women, especially the young and inexperienced, dread the revela-

tion of their identity in such cases. The place was evidently one of those hotel restaurants in which large tips were expected, and during the three days of illness extraordinary service would have been required. This should account for a considerable sum. A waiter may have regarded the money as rightfully belonging to him. Besides, a doctor was in attendance.

Late in the autumn of 1903 the old roué deliberately sought to break up a home by his attentions to a young married woman, despite the resolve that he so solemnly penned in his diary under date of August 31, 1889. The noteworthy thing about it is the length of time a good resolution lasted. That this one was not broken earlier can be ascribed only to fear of consequences, which is the most powerful deterrent force in human conduct, and with altogether too many of us the only one.

Taking advantage of the Hallowe'en spirit, for the date of this venture was October 31, 1903, Mr. Kaller somehow ingratiated himself with the new object of his venomous insolence to such a degree that she permitted him to visit her in her home. The time was evening, rather late in the evening. Most women are naturally hospitable and they regard their homes as

places of sure protection, even when their husbands are absent, as was the husband in this case; so the young wife's action is not to be regarded as unseemly, while the fact that her guest was so much her superior in the matter of matureness, which brings out and accentuates the better nature of all men excepting old bachelors, was well calculated to prevent any thought that thus to entertain might be indiscreet.

The diary tells only of the visit, the husband's unexpected return and the frustration of the design to ruin the family life of the theretofore happy pair. In effecting the rescue of his hospitable partner, the husband took occasion to address the intruder with such corporal austerity that the diarist made note of sundry bruises and discolorations and withheld himself from public view for a period of two weeks. Here we see a wise provision of nature for the safeguarding of our social circles. Wives are innocent, fragile, easily imposed upon; but husbands instinctively sense the perils attendant upon intrusion and meet them with combative spirit and energy.

Even though it turned out to the entire discomfiture of the old roué, this scheme all but

succeeded in bringing about the wreck that had been intended. Wrath inspires wrath; passion kindles passion; one suspicion leads to another; and a woman scorned is less implacable than a married man who has just thrashed a bachelor trespasser. The husband, mentally lashing about in his rage, did not spare the chosen partner of his joys and such other sorrows as might have come upon him. He threatened to institute a proceeding for divorce, so it cost Mr. Kaller much uneasiness and a considerable sum of money to restore harmony in the discordant home and obviate the danger that he would be named as corespondent. Fortunately the ways of the transgressor may sometimes be thus checkmated by those against whom the transgression is directed.

Whether the salutary effect of the Hallowe'en castigation or the mere effect of advancing age, a two-year period of comparative inactivity was passed over by Mr. Kaller, the next confession of perversity being dated September 7, 1905. That senility had brought anything resembling a spirit of reformation can hardly be accepted as the explanation. It only makes such persons worse. Senile reform might have been expected to endure, whereas the helpful

lesson drubbed into such a purloiner of happiness is usually ephemeral. Still, as age approached, the old roué seems to have become less vindictive.

Time is the great ameliorator. It can soften the heart of the grimmest old curmudgeon, though sometimes it has to kill him to make the process effective. In general way, its influence is helpful and kindly, directed toward improvement. Mr. Kaller seems to have felt the influence. As he remained single to the end of his career, or at least to the end of his diary, there was no possibility of complete redemption for him; yet in the later years he gave less evidence of hateful viciousness in his attitude toward women and he displayed little of the vengeful spirit that earlier had dominated him. However, he clung to his old lines of conduct; probably through force of habit. Any who perchance may misguidedly feel a sense akin to sympathy for him, and even the most abhorrent evil-doers seem to command that sort of commiseration, will be likely to point out that he lived at a time when congenial occupations for rich old bachelors were few. It is true that aside from travel, the pleasures of literature, and occasional attendance at the theater or opera, such men, if

not inclined to society, looked to their clubs as a main reliance for entertainment. Often they gave up everything but the clubs, where they gambled, drank, and related their rouélistic adventures, real or imaginary. The present-day lure of golf and the irresistible call of the well-paved highway with its best temporary routes and now and then a detour that is dangerous yet passable bring them into more wholesome ways of living, the game of the fields giving ample scope to the innate desire to tell their fellows of achievements won, just as formerly they boasted of feminine conquests, while the road-touring and speed-burning afford an outlet for the bent of destructive adventure, with traffic-cops instead of irate husbands as the natural enemies to be avoided.

Whatever anyone may say in defense of the old Bohemian or in mitigation of his misconduct, the incriminating facts against him are in the diary, written in his own crabbed hand that denotes lack of manly moral force; and though times and conditions have changed for the better, there still is need of knowledge as a shield against his class. Many a Francis Kaller plods over the links; the instrumentality of the automobile is not ignored by roués young

or old. Human nature quickly takes on new appearances, but it changes as slowly as the slowly changing hills.

LADY ELIZABETH AND JEALOUS SIR JONSON

AN EXTRAORDINARY affair of 1905 Mr. Kaller related in detail, though from the time of the entries relating to Mrs. K—— and the Hawaiian princess he had written only brief memoranda of his doings. This detailed narration may be taken as significant of extreme interest on his part, the new object of his villainy possessing beauty that almost inspired the libertine to desist from his persecution of her, as will be noted in the entries that follow.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1905.—Jonson Smith* introduced himself to me in lobby. Insisted on this spelling of his name. Said it ran that way in his family. He being from England, I inquired in good nature if he were related to old Ben. Said yes, old Ben was his uncle. Guess he didn't understand my reference to the poet. First name has probably been handed down. Smith inherits a title. Has right to be called Sir Jonson, but is too democratic. Nobility irksome to him. Was brought up on it. Doesn't seem English and tells me he is trying to be American. I like that spirit.

* This name is permitted in print, as there seems no probability that the publication of it will prove detrimental to anybody.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1905. — Addressed Smith as Sir Jonson. He seemed pleased at familiarity. Said I might so call him, but not to let anybody hear me or know about title. Wants me to go to England some time and see his estates. Think I will. Property given up mostly to parks and hunting grounds and so yields only moderate income. Was anxious today about delay of regular remittance. Afraid he would have to let hotel people know his identity. Society leaders would bore him with invitations and that sort of thing. He uses his natural English accent when talking about England. Manages to avoid it at other times. I offered to loan funds for present needs, but he wouldn't permit.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1905.—Spent most of day with Sir Jonson. Showed him about a bit. Was greatly interested in what I related about history of California.* Story of gold discovery led to mention of my mining properties. He would be willing to invest in mines if he could raise sufficient money on his English estates. I have advised conversion of one of his parks into income property, but he hates to disturb ancestral order of things. Would consider mortgage if sure of mining returns.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1905.—Sir Jonson had Sunday dinner with me. Was so concerned about remittance not yet received, I compelled him to accept

* Conversation evidently inspired by the fact that this was Admission Day, the anniversary of California's political reception into the sisterhood of states.

loan of \$2000. Gave me his note. I am to meet his wife tomorrow. He says she is woman of much beauty. She is rather fond of gentlemen and he is of such a jealous nature he introduces only men he knows to be his friends. I must not let her know about loan. A proud woman and would be humiliated, he says.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1905.—Entertained Sir Jonson and wife at dinner. Certainly beautiful woman. Tall, showy blonde. Marvelous complexion. Laughing blue eyes. Hair a wavy mass of gold. Stylish dresser. Very reserved at first. Then conversation became easier. Objected when I called her Mrs. Smith. She must be Lady Elizabeth to me, seeing that I knew of the title. Toward close of dinner I accidentally touched my foot against hers. She smiled and returned pressure. Think we will be good friends, all right.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1905.—Encountered Lady Elizabeth in lobby. Had charming tête-à-tête. She was afraid her husband would discover us. Confided he was frightfully jealous. Will not let her talk to anybody alone. She thinks that if we meet we should be very secret about it.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1905.—Met Sir Jonson again to-day as I returned from Delmonico's, where A. R. killed himself.* Jonson asked if I had seen his

* The diary gives only the initials and contains no other reference to what may have been a tragedy of the time.

wife. Replied I had not and he seemed relieved. Would hate to be a husband.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1905.—Lady Elizabeth telephoned. Her husband had gone to see English consul on business. Would be away all afternoon. Suggested a little talk together. I called at her apartment but left after short visit, thinking husband might return. She was very sociable. I like Lady Elizabeth.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1905.—Sir Jonson came to my rooms before noon. Greatly agitated. English agent had died and estate was tied up. Had been to see consul, who told him remittances might be delayed several months. I suggested talking the matter over with consul and financing him to extent necessary. He declined, saying he had funds enough for the present.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1905.—Had secret talk with Lady Elizabeth, who told me in confidence that her husband was having some sort of trouble about estates. She didn't understand exactly, knowing nothing about business affairs, but her allowance was temporarily stopped. She had been planning to make some purchases, so was indignant at Sir Jonson. I ventured to place funds at her disposal. She broke down, burying her face in kerchief. While she was thus occupied with emotion I wrote out a check for \$2000, the same sum I had advanced Sir Jonson. This I presented to her. When

she glanced at it she impetuously flung her arms about my neck and kissed me, explaining she had never felt so much embarrassed in her life. Said her husband would be angry if he knew of gift. I will not betray secret.

Lady Elizabeth is the kind of a woman I could like, if I could like any. Ancestry counts for something in her case. She dislikes the nobility as a class and sets up no claims to its superiority, though she admits that her lineage goes farther back than that of her husband. That is the way with real people. Think Lady Elizabeth suffers from Sir Jonson's jealousy. She says he notes everything she does and has already discovered that she is fond of me. Wish there could be married women without husbands. Unattached variety would be big improvement. If women are single they want us to marry them. If married, their husbands get in the way. Elizabeth is reasonable, though. We are on the best of terms.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1905. — Lady Elizabeth telephoned and we met in the lobby. Said her husband was coming to see me and cautioned me not to mention our conference of yesterday, especially the \$2000. I got back to my rooms just as Sir Jonson called. He found it necessary to employ counsel in England and needed \$2500, which I let him have, taking another note. Begged me to say nothing about it as Lady Elizabeth would be unhappy to know he had borrowed. I sympathize

with him. He is a good fellow. Tomorrow night I dine with him and the radiant Elizabeth.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1905.—Just back from Sir Jonson's apartment. Had a very sensible, simple dinner. Ostentation at the table is not approved in best English circles. After dinner, Sir Jonson had to leave for consultation with consulate lawyer. Was gone two hours, for which I was duly grateful. Expected every minute he would return, though. Less at ease than would otherwise have been. Elizabeth I found very agreeable. Requested me to call her Lady Beth. Hates the full name. Said she liked me more every day. I replied the sentiment was mutual. Also told me I was the only man to whom her nature fully responded. Her husband is a good fellow, but so much taken up with his English estates that he neglects her. She gets strangely lonesome when with him. I can understand that. We were making plans for meeting tomorrow when Sir Jonson returned and interrupted.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1905.—Sir Jonson called and we had long conference regarding his estates. It occurred to me that it would be to my advantage to have him absent just now, so I suggested he should run over to England and look after his affairs in person. This he approved, but feared he could not do it, having forwarded to English barristers the money I loaned him. I assured him that, quite regardless of his estates, his note was good for suffi-

cient to defray expenses. He estimated that \$5000 would be required, as his wife was accustomed to luxury in travel and would want to keep up customary appearances among her associates in England. Did not like this, but told him to talk it over with Lady Elizabeth. Must devise some way to keep her here.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1905.—Telephoned Sir Jonson at 10 o'clock, asking him to meet me at my bank immediately. Said he would be there in ten minutes. I waited that length of time and then made bold to call on Lady Beth, urging her to find some excuse for staying here while Sir Jonson went to England. She entered into spirit of scheme and promised she would. Hurried to bank. Sir Jonson was waiting and I apologized for being late, saying an unexpected caller had delayed me. Drew the \$5000 and paid it over to him, not being in a position to do otherwise.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1905.—Met Lady Beth in lobby by appointment. Greatly troubled at prospect of being compelled to go with husband. Sir Jonson won't listen to her plea. Seems to suspect she is in love with me. She cannot give good reason for wanting to stay. I cannot think of any. No date set for departure.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1905.—Called for talk with Sir Jonson. While I was there he excused himself to see man with whom he had appointment in lobby.

Was gone an hour. Lady Beth very affectionate; greatly distressed to think of leaving me. Will return as soon as property affairs are settled. I suggested we have a little dinner together if she can manage to get away. Said she would do her best. If not dinner, we could go out to lunch, she thought. She is so beautiful I almost want to give up my scheme, but she is too beautiful for that.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1905.—Lady Beth telephoned and we met in lobby. Said she could go to lunch with me tomorrow. Sir Jonson to be absent the entire day, for Sunday conference at home of consul. I arranged for her to come to Maison Riche, upstairs, at 1 o'clock tomorrow and ask for me. She was delighted. Said it would be splendid if we could be alone. So I have won the Lady Elizabeth. This is a conquest worth while.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1905.—After waiting an hour at Maison Riche I telephoned to see why Lady Beth had not arrived. Sir Jonson answered, and recognizing my voice he asked me to come to his apartment at once. Fearing that Lady Beth was ill, or that some accident had befallen her, I did so. Then I found him in great anger and Lady Beth in despair. It seems that while ascending the restaurant stairs to keep her engagement with me, she encountered her husband going down. He demanded that she return with him to the hotel. Then he forced her to confess the whole affair, which in foolish womanly way she endeavored to justify by

explaining that she no longer cared for him and was in love with me. I tried to calm Sir Jonson, telling him that his wife and I had merely wished to have a sort of farewell chat, as they were going away so soon and might not return to this country. He refused to be placated, even when I reminded him that I had proven myself his friend. The indirect reference to the money I had advanced brought the retort that he was a man of honor and would make me pay for robbing him of his wife. This angered me and I replied that if I had wanted to steal his wife I wouldn't have loaned him money to take her away to England. Being near the door, I then took the opportunity to leave him without further remarks.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1905.—Sir Jonson telephoned for a talk with me, which I declined. Later I thought better of this, realizing that he had a good case for damages and was likely to bring suit. So I rang him up and said I would be in the lobby directly. There he talked with the quiet reserve of an English gentleman, at which I felt gratified. He stated in positive manner, nevertheless, that he would pursue the only course open to him and sue me for alienation of his wife's affections. In fact, he had already made arrangements to see the consul's attorney. I questioned him about the amount of damages he intended to demand and he mentioned \$250,000. This, I told him, was excessive. Arguing the matter as best I could, I observed that I was making favorable impression on Sir Jonson.

Then I suggested that we effect a compromise between ourselves. He consented to this, saying that as he had no wish to become entangled in the courts of this country, he would consider any honorable settlement. We discussed several sums and at last agreed upon \$10,000. This I think a good bargain on my part, for a lawyer would have cost me that much. Have always made it a rule to avoid litigation.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1905.—Cash payment of damages to Sir Jonson effected. Incident closed. Receipt in full prevents possibility of further claims.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1905. — Determined to ask Sir Jonson to repay loans, but was unable to reach him. Inquired of clerk and found he and his wife had gone. Must have started for England. Will write to consul for information.

OCTOBER 2, 1905.—Have received reply to letter. Consul states he has never heard of Sir Jonson Smith. No such person named in records. I suspect Sir Jonson instructed him to say this in order that I might not further seek to communicate with his wife. Jealous husbands are queer birds.

The diary contains no intimation that Sir Jonson ever again communicated with Mr. Kaller. When we consider the jealous disposition of the titled Englishman, it becomes highly im-

probable that he returned to America, and that if he entered into any epistolary correspondence it was merely for the purpose of returning the money he had borrowed. He may have come back, however, without renewing our *roué's* acquaintance. The John Smiths being so numerous that the name represents a people rather than an individual, a Jonson Smith without the title could readily take refuge in the privacy of the multitude; and we have been led to think of this Smith, who was related to the rare old Ben Jonson of Shakespeare's time, as the sort of a man to shrink from public recognition.

Jealousy is regarded as a malady akin to insanity and of great detriment to the afflicted; but even our maladies have their use in nature and sometimes in society, for it will be seen as an illustration that the particular affliction of Sir Jonson brought its own compensation. Lady Elizabeth was saved from the misfortune confronting her only by the apprehensive watchfulness of her husband, and though this constant vigilance had been regarded by her as especially annoying among the irritations incidental to married life, she could have felt only gratitude for the eventual reward of it.

We must not overlook such excellent qualities as gratitude and kindness of disposition, but the weakness of Lady Elizabeth in accepting the pretended regard of the old roué cannot be defended, not even to the extent of excusing her because she was in a strange country and women away from home are thus inclined to be overcome by the detrimental influence of lonesomeness. Examples of this latter truth may everywhere be found. Beauty is always a danger, but practically never a defense, and here it must be rejected as a mitigating circumstance lest others of the sex be prompted to therein find excuse for similar inclination to misconduct. All that can properly be said in behalf of the almost erring wife of Sir Jonson is that she must have realized the profit of her experience and that in her own homeland she resumed all the austere integrity previously hers and used her utmost endeavors to forget the man in the American West.

Mr. Kaller's shrewdness in compromising with Sir Jonson when the latter was about to sue him would reflect credit upon even the most astute member of the legal profession. Indeed, there are lawyers of long practice and varied experience who would have failed to effect a

settlement in the same expeditious manner or to close the case with so little expense to a rich client confessedly guilty. Reduction of the amount of damages from \$250,000 to \$10,000 in an alienation suit with a millionaire as defendant was something hardly to be expected. Sir Jonson retained his wife, to be sure, even if her affections had been temporarily impaired; and this he may have taken into consideration. Again, he may have merely wished to vindicate his honor, as European men of high standing are fond of doing when opportunity permits. Or, being so inordinately jealous, he may have thought it wise and expedient to accept the proffered sum in settlement and as speedily as possible take himself and his beautiful wife out of a country that seemed so full of danger to his peace of mind and personal welfare, it being likely that he even thought he felt the menace of other men as well as of the old roué.

The neglect to make further diary mention of the titled couple may be misconstrued as an indication that Mr. Kaller's loans were not repaid. This neglect is far from proof, however. The old roué kept the diary as a record of his amatory adventures, not of his business affairs. Naturally an honorable man of large means,

such as the owner of estates in England, would pay debts of this kind as soon as entirely convenient. If Sir Jonson did fail to take up the notes, we must assume that from his point of view the cancellation of them was an implied part of his settlement with Mr. Kaller; for certain it is that a gentleman will not ignore obligations of such character.

Nothing illuminative can be said concerning the entry of October 2, 1905, to the effect that the consul disclaimed all knowledge of Sir Jonson. The ways of diplomacy are deep and the answer given to the old roué stands quite in accord with the traditions of the service. Had Mr. Kaller presented his inquiry through the proper and authorized government channels at Washington, something more of attention might have been paid to him. The roué's theory of a ruse to prevent him from again communicating with Lady Elizabeth will commend itself as worthy of thought.

A NIGHT IN THE POODLE DOG

NOW COMES the chapter with which the diary closes, it bringing us to a night in the Poodle Dog, briefly touched upon in the introduction, and the morning of the historic earthquake. This ill-timed episode is the only one recorded by the old roué after Sir Jonson's departure, the date of March 27, 1906, having been written immediately under the October paragraph about the consul's letter of reply. So it is reasonable to believe that Mr. Kaller brooded for half a year over the loss of Lady Elizabeth, or that at least he cogitated, as she represented his nearest approach to romance during the latter part of his career. The elopement of Kathryn twenty years before had filled his disposition with venom, as has been amply proven, and he retained his vindictiveness until Lady Elizabeth came into his life, although the inclination to revenge had gradually died down. At the commencement of his final recorded adventure he was apparently little worse than the average rich bachelor of the same age.

Coming with the force of dramatic climax on account of the seismic disturbance which prob-

ably caused the old roué to shiver in sudden sense of his wrongdoing, the concluding entries are presented in their complete form, although hardly more important in themselves than some that have been merely summarized or entirely eliminated from earlier portions of the diary. The woman of the adventure still resides in San Francisco. She moves in the best circles of society, having been so fortunate in preserving a reputation once imperiled by the old roué that she commands the respect of all. So here she will be mentioned only by the ordinary and always convenient pseudonym, Mrs. X.

MARCH 27, 1906.—Had a brief talk this afternoon with the young Mrs. X, with whom I got acquainted recently on train from Del Monte. Very pretty; good at conversation. Reproached me for not phoning as I had promised to do.

MARCH 28, 1906.—Telephoned Mrs. X this morning. She joined me in lunch at Palace. Charming girl. Evidently unhappy with husband, but wouldn't admit it. Wants business talk with me. Needs advice. I suspect she is considering divorce. Must be careful not to get mixed up in that. We meet tomorrow afternoon at Marchand's. I am too busy today with the Nevada mining frauds.

MARCH 29, 1906.—Pleasant afternoon alone with Mrs. X. As I surmised, her home life is unbearable. Husband won't consent to divorce. She has no grounds for suit. Financial difficulties increase unhappiness. I advised her to obtain assistance from friends. Referred to instances in which I had helped. Think she understood me. Said I was the only real friend she had. Invited me to her house. Husband not home in afternoon. Sometimes gone all night.

MARCH 30, 1906.—Delightful visit with Girlie. She likes the pet name I have given her. Insists she cannot help admiring me, I am so different from her husband. Finds it very hard to get along on small income. I suggested I might be permitted to make regular allowance when we got better acquainted. Know she understood me. Appeared very grateful and said she thought we were destined to become something more than friends. Only wishes she were divorced. Asked her to consider allowance proposition and she said she would, it being so difficult to keep up in society without money. Said she most wanted my friendship, though. Left early, thinking husband might get home. Girlie gave unmistakable evidences of infatuation as I was leaving.

MARCH 31, 1906.—Telephone call from Girlie at 9 a.m. Wanted to see me as early as possible. I invited her to come to hotel and she did so, arriving at 3 o'clock. She had been compelled to go to bank

and explain about overdrawn account. Was in difficulty, Mr. X having failed to deposit funds as promised. I took care of this matter. Then reminded her of allowance proposition. She wants to accept because so fond of me, but doesn't think it right for married woman. Urged her to leave husband. She is afraid there would be gossip. Told her it was better to have money and be talked about than be penniless and never heard of. Think she is giving in. Promised she would come to my apartment again tomorrow. I am to get her a box for opera season.

APRIL 1, 1906.—Girlie not arriving this afternoon, I rang up her house. Man answered. Think it was Mr. X. I told him central had given me the wrong number and he remarked it was a damned poor telephone service. Wrong numbers are sometimes convenient. My first conversation with husband. Hope it will prove the last.

APRIL 2, 1906.—Received early phone call from Girlie and she came right down to see me. Husband stayed home yesterday. Wouldn't give any reason. She fears he may suspect her. She thinks deception is terrible thing, but likes it. Told her she would get used to it and like it better. Good allowance helps. As she seemed inquisitive about amount, I mentioned \$500 a month. She made no comment at first. Finally said a woman ought to be able to get along on that, but everything was high. Not enthusiastic, so I doubled figure and

stated I would pay first thousand when we met again. Advisable to use cash instead of check. She refused to make promise, but am sure she will accept.

APRIL 3, 1906.—Called on Girlie in afternoon. Very cordial toward me, but asked more time to consider answer. Admitted she had little money left and needed some things for the opera. She seemed to want allowance, but I thought it best to wait until proposition accepted, so explained I had neglected to obtain cash. Am going to see her again tomorrow.

APRIL 4, 1906.—Mrs. X telephoned and came to see me early without waiting for me to call. Said she had been thinking about me. Afternoon seemed too far away. Discussed my proposition, which she said she would accept but for her husband. Again told her she should leave him. Offered to pay allowance for half year in advance. She still resisted, but admitted she was strongly tempted. I made temptation stronger by offering full year allowance. That had desired effect. Her husband is going south in morning and she will join me at Poodle Dog for supper after the opera. Never yet saw a woman I couldn't win.

APRIL 5, 1906.—Received message from Girlie to call on her at once. Responded promptly. Husband had started for Los Angeles. I went to bank, got money, and paid allowance for full year. Advised

her to place funds in safe deposit, which I assisted her to do. She is coming direct from opera to join me at Poodle Dog tonight.

Thus ends the diary of Francis Kaller. The old roué followed his perverse ways to the last, ever consistent in the assiduity with which he pursued his victims, although in respect to actual maliciousness of spirit he did eventually display something of the seeming improvement incident to his decline. He was not a great deal worse than the average old bachelor of his class, some will maintain, perhaps, but he was peculiarly dangerous for the reason that he made use of his wealth to offer temptations of the kind that so many of even our most beautiful young women find difficulty in resisting.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to state whether the young Mrs. X of the concluding narrative escaped the snare which had been set for her. There is probability that her observant husband failed to make his intended railroad trip and that he dutifully called for his wife at the close of the opera, such incidents being not at all infrequent in our society life. Or it may be that the youthful matron, having stored away her temptation in the cold, calm box of a safe deposit vault, found a little time for re-

flection such as would inspire her to abandon the dangerous course upon which she had agreed to venture. Again, the lesson of the grand opera which she had attended must have impressed her if she understood it. The opera, whatever it was, may have pointed out the moral perils of adventure such as that plotted by our old roué, thus inspiring her with such a wholesome dread of exposure and protracted agony of high key that, in distress of mind, she invented some suitable excuse for postponing the liaison, beneficent nature having endowed femininity with abundant special ingenuity for use in such cases.

Assuming on the other hand that Mrs. X felt bound by her agreement, one of those old-town suppers that flowed along to breakfast-time may have held her protected in brilliancy of conversation until the well-timed earthquake so suddenly came to her rescue, driving all debased sentiment from the ensnarer and providing the young woman with a good and perfectly natural reason for leaving as expeditiously as possible and seeking social safety in her home. Whatever the success of his deeply laid scheme, the old Bohemian must have thought the earthquake a well-merited visitation of wrath, as so

many of us did, it being not at all unusual to accept such phenomena at the moment of their occurrence as having direct relation to our own personal misconduct. The moral good that resulted from the simple process of terrestrial vibration on that April morning of 1906 can hardly be over-estimated. Certain it is that the meretricious habits of all the old roués became greatly modified; the unapproved forms of San Francisco's night life disappeared for the time, the reform enduring even until the rebuilding of the city; and temptations strewn in the paths of feminine enchantment were far less observable in the reconstruction days than previously or at present. I am not one of those who consider our personal wrongdoings as bringing great retributive calamities of this kind upon us, but nevertheless our earthquake was a manifestation of the spirit of uplift in nature.

Concerning Mrs. X, it may be mentioned in conclusion, although without desire to appease curiosity, and surely with no intention of affording any clue to her identity, that after the earthquake and fire of 1906 her social distinction improved as a result of newly acquired wealth, it being understood in her exclusive set

that she had rather unexpectedly acquired a large inheritance. She has not separated from her husband, which may be taken as meaning that her possession of independent means made a better man of him and enabled him to appreciate her more fully than he did during the years of deadening struggle in business. A pleasant theory that will commend itself is that the old roué, having been thoroughly frightened into reform, desisted from his persecution of the youthful wife, but continued his money allowances and eventually deeded or bequeathed to her a major portion of his vast estate, if not all of it. I am personally inclined to accept this theory, recalling that the old roué harbored hatred of such relatives as he had; and my belief in it is further supported by the fact that the probate and other official records, dating from the time of the great fire, reveal no other disposition of the property.

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